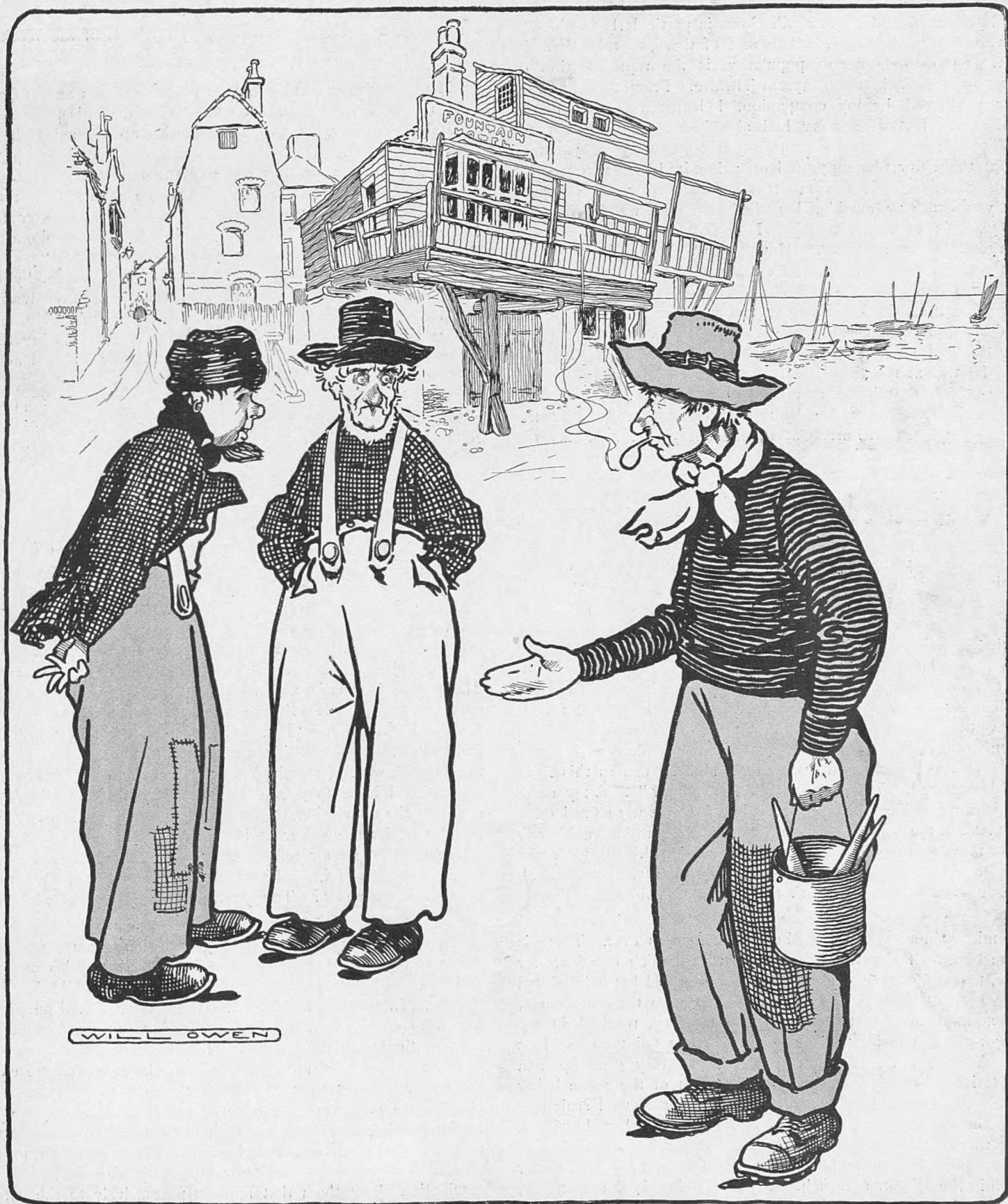




No. 590.—VOL. XLVI.

WEDNESDAY, MAY 18, 1904.

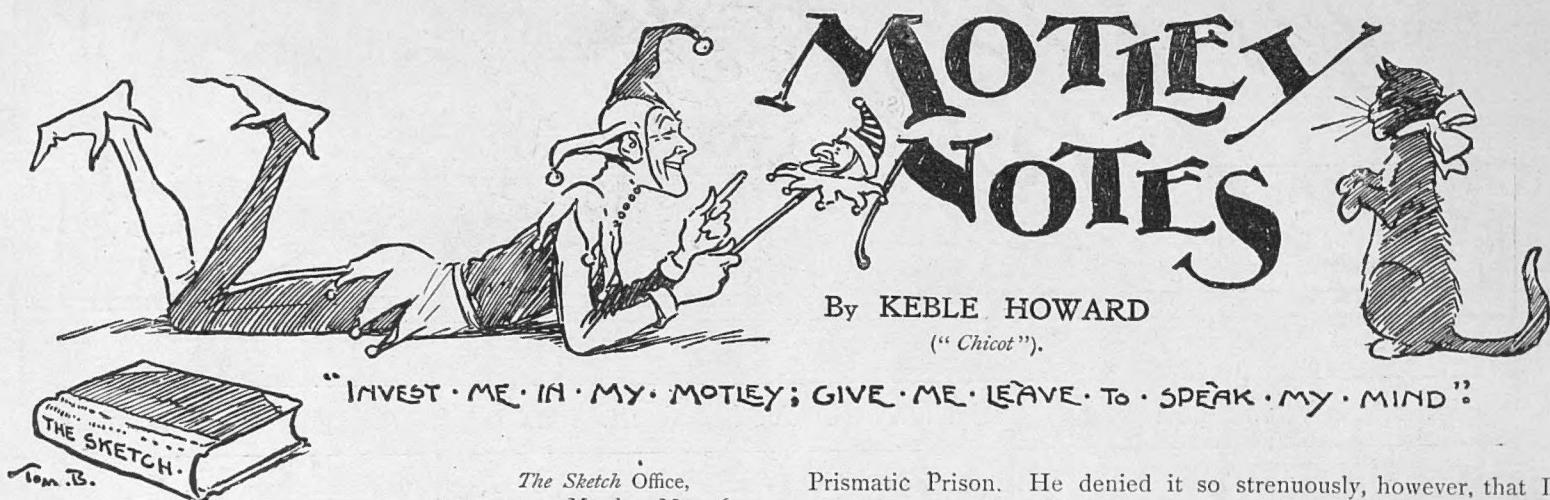
SIXPENCE.



[Drawn by Will Owen.]

UNOFFICIAL.

FIRST CRITIC: W'y' should them Russian soldiers fight? Wot 'ave they got ter encourage 'em?  
SECOND CRITIC: Knout.



*The Sketch* Office,  
Monday, May 16.

THE Italian Exhibition at Earl's Court is particularly notable for two new "attractions." The first of these, to take them in their probable order of popularity, is the representation of "Venice by Night" in the Empress Theatre. From the charming souvenir purchased by my companion, I learnt that the fifteen hundred square feet of scenery had absorbed no less than three tons of paint; that there were twenty thousand square yards of sky; that the show was supported on a hundred and seventy-nine pillars of concrete. If you don't call that good value for your money, you can stay outside, I understand, and watch the Big Wheel going round. Personally, I found the motion of the gondola delightfully soothing. Having boarded the boat by the Ponte Ducale, I floated along the Canale Lungo, under the Ponte della Piazza Grande, the Ponte del Cannaregio, and the Ponte della Salute. Then, continuing along the Canale Grande, under the Ponte della Guidecca, and by the Canale dell' Arsenale, I came through the Ponte del Traghetto to the landing-pier. As I say, I enjoyed the trip at the time, but I was even more pleased when I read the eloquent description of my voyage as supplied in the official guide. At the time of reading, by the way, I was travelling on the District Railway between Earl's Court and Charing Cross. It occurred to me that I would rather be a gondolier than the driver of our train.

The other new feature of supreme importance is Sir Hiram Maxim's Captive Flying-Machine. This elaborate toy works on the same principle as the "giant-stride" of one's school-days. That is to say, the faster you revolve, the higher you go. In the case of the "giant-stride," however, one was able to regulate the speed as one wished, whereas, with the Maxim Flying-Machine, the passenger is at the mercy of the engineer. I thought of that whilst my companion was buying our tickets, but I was comforted to observe that, in the event of an accident, one would stand just as good a chance of falling into the lake as of landing on an iron table outside the Italian Restaurant. Gaily enough, therefore, I stepped into a boat, waved my hand to the crowd, and prepared to enjoy the novel sensation. We started very gently. "One gets a pleasant breeze," said I. The speed increased. "It didn't look so fast as this from below," I muttered. We flew. "Isn't it ripping?" said my companion, with a chuckle. I made no reply. My eyes were fixed on a certain plank in the floor of our boat, and I was determined neither to think nor move until the Machine came to a standstill. "What's the matter?" said my companion, as we clambered out; "feel sea-sick?" "Not exactly," I murmured; "it's more like *mal de Maxim*."

The minor shows are as varied and numerous as ever. There is the Blue Grotto of Capri, for instance, through which one floats for sixpence, passing, on the way, a number of beautiful but uninhabited islands. I would have paused awhile to gloat upon these fair oases, but an attempt to stop the boat, I regret to say, resulted in my bringing away a considerable quantity of green paint on my best gloves. Then, in the Western Gardens, one may gaze upon a representation of the Polar regions, the realism of the scene being immensely heightened by the presence of three sorrowful seals and five gloomy gulls. I left "Farthest North" rather hurriedly, and, by way of a mild stimulant to counteract a certain feeling of depression, slid the Switchback, shot the Chute, and studied my reflection in the Mirrors of Mirth. My companion, in the meantime, visited Dante's Inferno, the Abode of Weird and Fantastical Mystery, and followed the Story of a Crime, told in Eight Thrilling Tableaux from the Musée Grévin of Paris. I am almost sure, moreover, that I saw him stealthily emerging from the Fountains of Milan, where the visitor may sympathise with the Beautiful Water-Nymphs in their

Prismatic Prison. He denied it so strenuously, however, that I let the matter drop, and we brought a charming evening to a profitable conclusion by studying the exemplary methods of the Working Ants and Bees.

It was my disagreeable duty, some few weeks ago, to say stern things about a certain Indian correspondent. This person, you may possibly remember, began with flatteries and ended with an offer of Indian notes. I forget the exact terms of my reply, but it seems that I went so far as to call the fellow a serpent. At any rate, I have received two post-cards—one from Calcutta and one from Simla—signed "Serpent," and a nine-page letter from the latter address explaining, and taunting, and apologising, and threatening. Hear the fellow: "Although," says he, "you foolishly refuse my proffered literary compositions—for which, by the way, no remuneration was desired—I must implore you to receive and read any letters that I may see fit to address to you." He means, of course, that he implores me to read them; as to receiving them, this is a matter that rests with the postal authorities. Postal authorities, unluckily, have strangled hearts. Do you take me, "Serpent"? I must hope for the best, English reader. Yet you will appreciate my anxiety when I quote you the conclusion of the letter: "When I return to England," it runs, "as I hope to do next year, I am going to seek you out, and persuade you to accompany me to a select restaurant and accept of my hospitality." Could any threat be more sinister? They understand poisons, these Anglo-Indians.

By the same mail, oddly enough, comes another offer of Indian jottings. There is nothing serpentine, however, about my second correspondent. He says little by way of extenuation; the pill that he offers is free from gilt. His style, too, is engaging; almost am I tempted to take the hint. "Can you be kind enough," says this guileless one, "to grant me one of your correspondents of your renowned journal *The Sketch*?" Not so fast, witty Mr. Brown. The phrase is classic, and, as such, soars above the Peckham level of your sneer. "If I be so fortunate"—I beg your pardon, sir, for the interruption—"I must continue to write in detail, being an Indian the true Indian affairs together with true manner and custom of the country, which (probably) not yet known to any European writer, and which I hope to your entire satisfaction in time." And so we come to the conclusion, a gem of literature that makes me long to afford to take the writer at his worth: "Trusting not to have any formality of regret for refusal. . . ." Could such sweetness, do you think, come out of Oxford? And you, Sir Serpent! Where is your nine-page letter now? To my left, as I sit, incased in wicker-work.

In Elizabethan mansions and places where men sleep there still exists a belief, I fancy, that the late Cecil Rhodes was perfectly serious when he alluded to the Oxford don as a child in matters of finance. In the same circles, too, there is cherished an idea that a man who earns his living by his pen knows even less of business matters than an Oxford don. To these, in their stagnation, it may happen that a recently published book called "Deals" will penetrate. The author of the volume is Mr. Barry Pain, and he manages to prove, in the course of twelve short stories, that a professional writer may know as much about the shady side of the City as a millionaire and yet think it worth while to remain a professional writer. I have read several novels dealing with deals. There is a fascination about them that appeals persuasively to the sordid side of my nature. Let me proclaim, however, that Mr. Barry Pain has taught me, to my delight, more of financial evil than I had ever hoped possible. His little stories positively reek of dishonesty. The book is not illustrated, and yet, on every page, I seem to trace a glinting eye and a hooked nose.

## OPENING OF THE ITALIAN EXHIBITION AT EARL'S COURT (MAY 11).

(SEE "MOTLEY NOTES.")



## THE CLUBMAN.

*Club Law—A Committee-man's Duties—The "Committee-man's Chop."*

THE Sievier case has reminded Clubmen of the responsibilities any man takes upon himself when he joins the Committee of a Club. The honour of holding the position of Committee-man, and of doing, as such, his duty, involved Sir James Duke in a case which must have caused him endless worry, and the expense of which, though he has obtained "costs," is likely to be very considerable. In the particular case which all the world is talking about, Sir James Duke, as a Committee-man, acted on his own responsibility in making a request that a man whom he believed was not a fit person to mix with gentlemen should not be brought into the Club on the Committee of which he served, and, in consequence, he became the one defendant in the action, though his action was subsequently approved by the President of the Committee.

As to the exact words in which Sir James Duke conveyed his objection there was a difference in the recollection of two gentlemen,

the Secretary has not the slightest intention of telling him—or which, if he does tell him, he claims to tell him under privilege. The member retires from the interview conscious of his impotence and, but partially consoled, growls about resigning from the Club for a day or two, and eventually ends by wondering whether the man he took into the Club is quite as good a fellow as he originally thought him.

An even more disagreeable duty which a Club Committee has to face is when "conduct of a member" is the business on the agenda sheet. When it becomes a question of expelling a member from a Club, or even of requesting him to send in his resignation, a Committee becomes a judicial body and has to act most carefully in accordance with Club law. No man, unless he has served on a Committee and has been obliged to vote on some question which concerns the honour of a fellow-member, can have any idea of the amount of law which has crystallised round Clubs and of the responsibility with which a Committee may saddle themselves unwittingly.

In the days when I was young in Clubland, I thought that to be on the Committee of a good Club was rather an enviable position, chiefly, I think, because I soon became aware that a "Committee-man's

Knight.

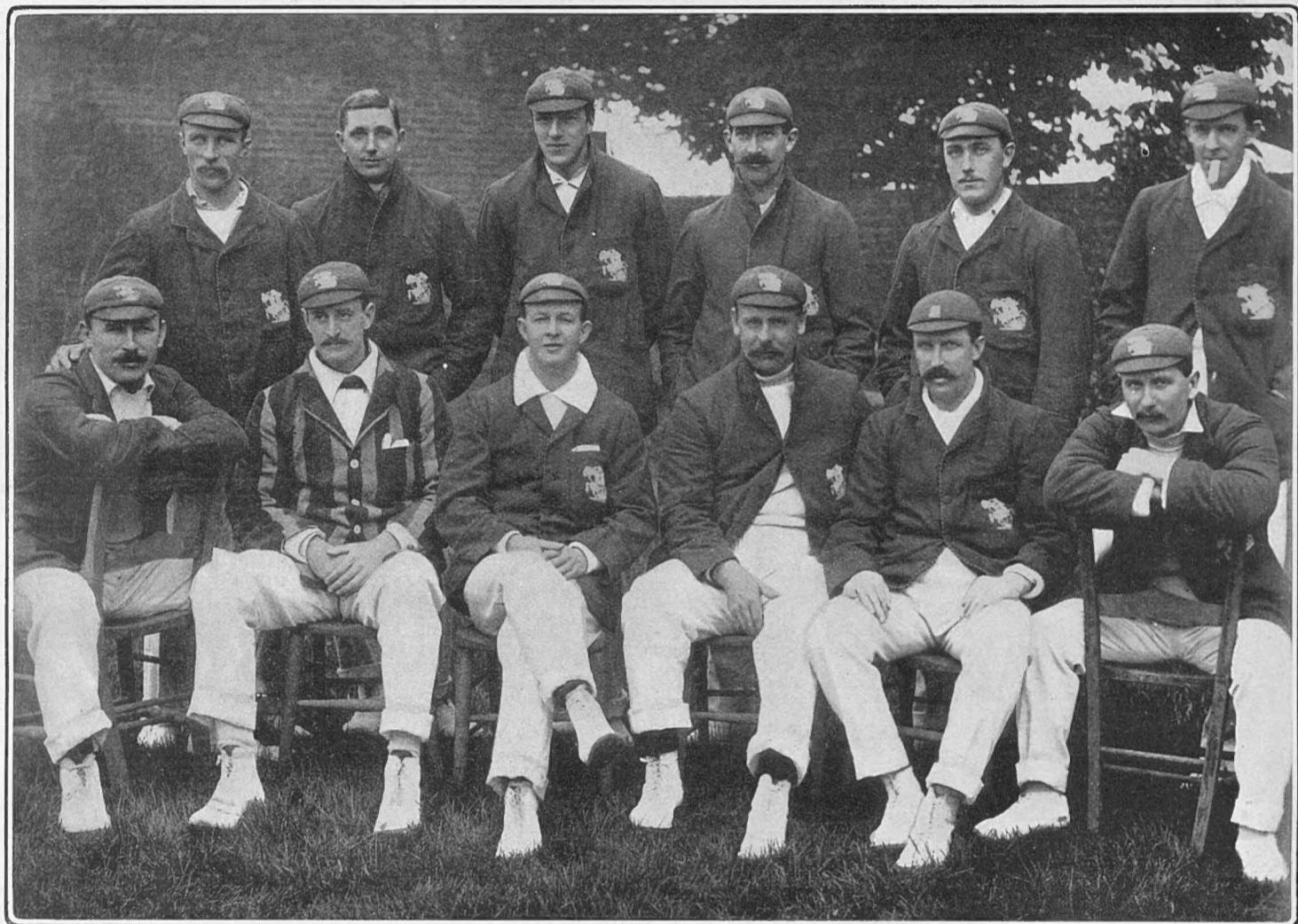
Braund.

B. J. T. Bosanquet.

Relf.

Rhodes.

Arnold.



Hirst.

R. E. Foster.

P. F. Warner.

Hayward.

Lilley.

Tyldesley.

MR. P. F. WARNER'S TEAM, TAKEN AFTER THE DRAWN GAME WITH "THE REST OF ENGLAND" LAST WEEK.

*Photograph by F. Bolland, Hanwell, W.*

and thus another proof was given of the varying impression a conversation—and that a most important one—may leave on the minds of two men both quite honest in their intention of repeating exactly what was said. This was the matter of the alleged slander, but it is the question of privilege which was raised that affects Clubmen, and especially Committee-men of Clubs, most nearly, for, if the members of a Committee were not privileged in some of their duties, they would have a more tempestuous existence than even now falls to their lot. The very unpleasant duty of informing a member that the presence of a guest whom he has brought into the Club-house is not considered desirable there again is generally deputed to the Secretary of the Club, and, as a Secretary is always a cautious man, he does not, as a rule, give the reasons which have induced the Committee to come to such a decision.

The member whose guest is disapproved of is invariably indignant. It is only in human nature that he should be so, for he would not have brought the cause of the disagreement into the Club had he thought the visitor could in any way be objectionable to his brother members, and in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred the answer to the Secretary's letter takes the form of the appearance in the Secretary's office of a very indignant member demanding to know a number of things which

"chop" was really larger and finer and less gristly than that served to an ordinary member; and when I first stood for a Committee and was elected, I felt that there was reason for the congratulations of my friends who had voted for me. When, however, I had read through some of the Acts having a bearing on Clubs and had listened to the solicitor to the Club expounding what the joint responsibility of the members of the Committee might be under certain circumstances, my chief anxiety was to exchange again the plump chop of the Committee for the lean one of the ordinary member as soon as possible.

The power which the position of Committee-man gives a member in the little world that a Club is attracts some men, and I must confess that I found a vicious joy myself, during my short career as Committee-man, in answering frivolous objections in the complaint-book in a vein of satire. Some men really think that they were born to correct the Club taste in the matter of cigars and wine, and the house-steward's voice certainly becomes more deferential than usual in the presence of a Committee-man. I have heard of tea-parties for ladies in Committee-rooms, and of special stands erected for the Committee and their friends from which to view Royal processions, but even these joys of life scarcely compensate a Committee-man for being a target for the members to shoot at.

## SOME NEW ENGAGEMENTS.

May opened with a burst of new engagements, of which, perhaps, the most interesting to Society at large, connecting as it does the high nobility and the aristocracy of wealth, is that of Lady Isabel Innes-Ker, one of the sisters of the Duke of Roxburghe, and Mr. Guy Wilson, the gallant soldier son of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Wilson, of Wärter Priory, and the brother of the group of lovely sisters which includes Lady Chesterfield and Mrs. Guy Fairfax. Then, an elder son, Viscount Dunluce, is to marry Miss Margaret Talbot, a pretty as well as a learned young lady, who is a niece of the present Colonial Secretary through her mother, who was a Miss Lyttelton. A betrothal of interest to the diplomatic world is that of the owner of Normanby Park, Sir Berkeley Sheffield, to the Baroness Julia de Tuyl, a sister-in-law of the Duchess of Beaufort. Of diplomatic interest also is the engagement of Captain Bigham, the only son of the popular Judge, to Miss Molly Seymour. Captain Bigham went through the siege of Pekin, and during some terrible days his family mourned him as dead.

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Signature.....

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Scenes in Dalny and of the Japanese Advance into Manchuria.

## THE GORDON-BENNETT TRIALS

THE

ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

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Mere musical annotation is inadequate for the complete expression of the composer's ideas, especially with regard to time and colour; and deficiencies, particularly in the vocal parts, are not entirely met by the indications of the metronome, so that the personal touch of the composer is rendered indispensable.

It is here that the new science steps in. The Gramophone disc, on which the music, rendered under the direction of the composer, is fixed, becomes a complement to the printed music, thus ensuring the preservation of a faithful record of the composition. We have a luminous example of this in the vote, approved by the Gregorian Congress, on the advisability of utilising the Gramophone for the traditions of Gregorian chant.

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Puccini, Leoncavallo, Mascagni, Giordano, Franchetti, Cilea, and Orefica have placed in their hands for this purpose compositions which are now in course of publication.

The Gramophone Co., in connection with this work, have inaugurated a competition for a libretto, to be set to music by Pietro Mascagni.

### CONDITIONS OF THE COMPETITION.

An international competition has been arranged for the best libretto in one act and two scenes, the subject to be original or an adaptation of a dramatic or literary production free of copyright.

The latest date for sending in this libretto is fixed for Sept. 15, 1904.

The prize offered is £200.

The libretto will be set to music by the Maestro Mascagni in accordance with a regular agreement between him and the Gramophone Company (Italy), Limited. The author of the successful libretto will be paid, in addition to the prize, 5 per cent. of the net proceeds from productions in Italy and abroad.

The poet must bind himself to make, without extra compensation, any modification, of form and not of substance, required by the composer.

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not later than Sept. 15, 1904. Each libretto must bear a motto, which must be repeated on a sealed envelope containing the name and address of the author. Librettos written in a foreign language must be accompanied by an Italian translation which may be in prose.

The judges will be, the Maestro Mascagni, president, who will have the casting-vote; Messrs. Giovanni Poza, dramatic critic of the *Corriere della Sera*; Romeo Carugati, dramatic critic of the *Lombardia*; and Alfred Michælis, manager of the Gramophone Co. (Italy), Ltd.

THE GRAMOPHONE CO. (ITALY), LIMITED,

*Milan, May 5, 1904.*

MANAGER: ALFRED MICHAËLIS.



## SMALL TALK *of the* WEEK

*The Japanese Millions.*

The circulation  
of gold brings  
about curious

complications. For example, a large part of the money which the Japanese are borrowing in England and America will, before long, find its way to Russia—in this way: The millions which Japan is borrowing in America will remain in that country to pay for the Japanese purchases there; the United States are going to pay two hundred millions of francs to the French shareholders in the Panama Canal; and, as these shareholders will want some investment in which to place their money, they will most certainly invest it in the bonds offered by the friendly and allied nation, otherwise Russia.

brother of the first Earl of Dartrey, was killed at Inkerman, and his mother was a sister of the present Lord Castletown. His elder brother, Colonel Vesey Dawson, commands the Irish Guards. Colonel Douglas Dawson is in high favour at Court, and was not long ago appointed the King's Master of the Ceremonies, in succession to the late Colonel Sir W. J. Colville. And yet he is by no means a "carpet knight," for, like Sir Dighton Probyn, V.C., and many another faithful servant of the Royal Family, he has seen the stricken as well as the merely tented field. He has been in the thick of the various Egyptian Campaigns, beginning with 1882, having his horse shot under him at Kassassin, and having played his part in eight battles. For five years he was Military Attaché in Vienna, and for another five in Paris; hence his decorations of the Iron Crown of Austria and the Legion of Honour. His Medjidie Order he won, of course, in Egypt.

*A Disappointing Postponement.*

The fact that the Emperor of Austria has been compelled to postpone his visit to this country causes sincere disappointment to the British people, and especially to those Londoners who hoped to give His Imperial Majesty a splendid welcome. Much interest, however, attaches to the coming to England of the youthful King of Spain. Although the details of the Spanish visit do not seem to have been arranged, it has already been announced that during his stay here Alfonso XIII. will attend a great musical service at the Oratory. Yet another Royal visitor to our Court will be, it is hoped, the Queen's venerable father, King Christian of Denmark.

*The Queen as an Exhibitor.*

By far the most interesting exhibit now being shown at the Home Arts and Industries Exhibition in the Royal Albert Hall is a book-cover painted by Queen Alexandra, and of which the design is symbolical of the volume, "The Christian Year," for which it was made. Her Majesty is very fond of English devotional literature, and especially of Keble's masterpiece. Just forty years have gone by since Dr. Stanley, later, Dean of Westminster, wrote during his first visit to Sandringham: "The Princess came to me in a corner of the drawing-room with her Prayer Book, and I went through the Communion Service with her, explaining the peculiarities and the likenesses and differences to and from the Danish Service." Since that distant day Queen Alexandra has closely identified herself with the national religion of her adopted country, and she often presents a Prayer Book or Hymn Book, with a cover worked or painted by herself, to those who are honoured with the Royal friendship.

*Miss Viola Tree.* Miss Viola Tree, whose London début has been definitely fixed for the afternoon of June 7, at His Majesty's Theatre, when Mr. Tree gives a performance of "Twelfth Night" in aid of Mr. Arthur Pearson's Fresh Air Fund, has not, as might have been supposed from the paragraphs that have appeared, been confining herself merely to playing Viola. She has been acting "Sweet Anne Page" in "The Merry Wives of Windsor" and Calpurnia in "Julius Caesar" with Mr. Tree's Répertoire Company in the provinces. Mr. Tree having decided that "The Darling of the Gods" will not carry him through the season—and it will probably be withdrawn at the end of the month, or early in June—has resolved not to stage a new play, the run of which would have to be broken during the summer if we have any hot weather, or, in any case, by the necessity of his own well-deserved holiday. He will, therefore, rely on revivals, and, in addition to "Twelfth Night," he has arranged to do "Julius Caesar," "A Midsummer Night's Dream," and "Richard II." Miss Tree will probably play Oberon, and it would not be surprising to see her as Calpurnia.



MISS VIOLA TREE, DAUGHTER OF MR. BEERBOHM TREE, AS CALPURNIA.

MISS TREE WILL MAKE HER LONDON DÉBUT AT HIS MAJESTY'S THEATRE ON JUNE 7.

Photograph by Bacon and Sons, Newcastle-on-Tyne.

*Lady Violet Poulett.* Lady Violet Poulett is one of young Lord Poulett's two pretty sisters. They are descended from one of the Commissioners to whom fell the difficult task of negotiating the Union with Scotland. Hinton St. George, where the Earl—who comes of age next autumn—and his sisters have been brought up, is one of the most splendid places in Somersetshire. They are all three very popular in the neighbourhood, in spite of—or, perhaps, because of—the extraordinary excitement caused by the famous law case which was fought out before the Lord Chief Justice some two years ago, and which in the end resulted in the complete triumph of the present Peer.

*Second Stage of the Session.* Progress has been made with the important Bills of the Session between Easter and Whitsuntide, and Ministerialists have settled down to a conviction that they will remain on the sunny side for another year. The Liberals have been less enterprising and confident during the

second stage than they were before Easter, as repeated attacks proved that the Government position was not to be taken with a rush. During summer they will pursue different tactics. Under the leadership of Mr. Lloyd-George, they will fight the Licensing Bill line by line and make it necessary for the Unionists to be in constant attendance. Meantime, however, unless an accident happen at the last moment, the Ministers will enjoy their Whitsuntide holidays with a light heart and an easy mind.

The Outer Lobby of the House of Commons was crowded last week during the debate on the Licensing Bill. Representatives of "the trade" rubbed shoulders with the officials of Temperance Societies. Both sides are well organised and have agents accustomed to Lobbying, so that members who failed to catch the Speaker's eye could find abundant opportunity of discussing the discretion of Magistrates, the levy and apportionment of compensation, and the proposed time-limit with experts in the corridors. An almost unprecedented quantity of printed matter poured upon the legislators.

Mr. Worsley-Taylor, K.C., unlike most lawyers, was in no hurry to be heard in the House of Commons. He was elected more than three years ago, and he did not deliver his maiden speech until last week. Special interest was taken in it because he had intimated that he was not to stand again. "It is just the sort of speech," said Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, "that the House of Commons likes to listen to." Mr. Worsley-Taylor spoke on the Licensing Bill with the experience of a Chairman of Quarter Sessions. Many members had heard his voice while he practised at the Parliamentary Bar, and sometimes he thrust forth his forefinger as if he were addressing the Chairman of a Select Committee. He spoke with remarkable clearness in a persuasive tone, and there was not a superfluous word in what he said.

*A Man of the Week.* Everybody has been talking at St. Stephen's this week of Mr. Black's Free Trade motion, to which importance has been given by Mr. Chamberlain's amendment. Mr. Chamberlain became very familiar with Mr. Black while he was Colonial Secretary, on account of that gentleman's supplementary questions. The Member for Banffshire was never content with a first answer. "Arising out of that answer" he put

another question. He is a shrewd and smiling man. His profession is that of a Writer to the Signet in Scotland, and everybody North of the Tweed speaks of a "W.S." with awe. The son of a Free Church minister, Mr. Black is himself an Elder of the United Free Church.

*Patriot, Politician, and Journalist.* Mr. T. P. O'Connor holds a unique position in the Irish Party, in modern journalism, and, it might even be said, in contemporary literature. Bookmen, both old and new, owe him a great debt of gratitude, for it has ever been his aim to popularise the best literature, and every great newspaper venture with which he has been associated, from the *Star* down to his latest success, *T. P.'s Weekly*, has been marked by a high literary tone, and this even in the days before the newspaper proprietors of this country had realised how keen and unaffected is the public interest in books and in the writers of books. "Tay Pay," to give him his familiar nickname, is the Member for the curiously named Scotland Division—an Irish constituency in the eminently English city of

Liverpool; and in some ways these facts are typical of the politician who, while remaining an ardent and patriotic Irishman, has yet made his way entirely in this country, proving again and again the possession of a quite marvellous knowledge of what the British reader likes to read and know. Mr. and Mrs. O'Connor—the latter a gifted American lady who has written more than one successful play—are very hospitable, and they entertain all the more noted people of the day. It is rumoured that Mr. O'Connor has yet another journalistic venture up his sleeve, but, for the present, he seems content to rest upon his laurels, and two such weeklies as *M.A.P.* and *T.P.'s Weekly* are enough to absorb all the overtime of a man who, between whiles, is one of the most popular and hard-working members of the House of Commons.

Great preparations are being made at Gmünden for the marriage of the Princess Alexandra of Denmark to the son of the Duke of Cumberland, which will be celebrated on June 7. The marriage is of interest to English people, as the young couple are the nephew and niece of our Queen, the bride being the daughter of Her Majesty's brother, and the bridegroom the

son of her sister. The bridegroom is also a cousin of the King, as he is a great-great-grandson of George III. The Princess has now been at Munich for the last fortnight, having her portrait painted by the celebrated painter Kaulbach.

*The Emperor and the Muddy Roads.* The Emperor Francis Joseph sometimes rebukes his officials in a fashion which, in a less exalted personage, might be looked upon as a practical joke. A short time ago, the Emperor noticed that the roads were in a very bad condition, so he sent a message to the official who was responsible for keeping them in order that in a couple of days a Royal carriage would be sent to bring him to the Castle of Lainz. On the day appointed, the coachman, who had received his orders, drove the official over the worst roads in the district, going at full gallop, with the result that the wretched man was splashed with mud from head to foot. When at last he reached the Castle, he began profuse apologies for the state of his clothes to the Grand Duke who received him, but was met with the laughing reply, "Oh, that's nothing! The Emperor comes home like that every time he goes out for a drive." In a few days' time that official had put his roads in perfect order.



LADY VIOLET POULETT, SISTER OF EARL POULETT.

Photograph by Esmé Collings, Bond Street, W.

*The Countess of Minto.*

The charming and accomplished Vice-reine of Canada will receive a warm welcome home from her many friends. She is coming back to England in order to present two daughters at Court. Lady Minto has had from childhood a close connection with the Court, for

her father, the late General Grey, was the Prince Consort's most intimate personal friend and Equerry, and Queen Victoria was tenderly attached to him, to his wife, and to their children, one of whom is the present Earl Grey, while yet another is Lady Antrim. Lady Minto has had an interesting life, and she and her good-looking husband—who, at the time she married him, was still Lord Melgund—deserve well of their country, for to leave their beautiful Scottish home and go into what must have been practically exile



LADY MINTO, VICE-REINE OF CANADA.

Photograph by H. McCaul, Victoria Street.

for a term of years was really public-spirited. They were, however, both already very fond of Canada, where they had spent a portion of their early married life, the present Governor-Général having been, for a period of some two years, Military Secretary to Lord Lansdowne, when the latter occupied the position he himself has now graced for five years.

*Lady Ormonde.* Lady Ormonde, the châtelaine of Kilkenny Castle, where the King and Queen stayed during their Irish visit, is one of the late Duke of Westminster's bevy of beautiful daughters, and she made a great sensation in London when she "came out" early in the 'seventies. She married Lord Ormonde in 1876, so that they celebrated their "Silver Wedding" three years ago. Lady Ormonde's daughters, Lady Beatrice Pole-Carew and Lady Constance

Butler, have inherited the remarkable good looks of both their parents. Lady Ormonde is almost fragile-looking, with dark hair, pale but exquisitely fair complexion, and delicate but firm features. She does not hunt or shoot, but shares her husband's intense love of yachting, and is hardly ever absent from the Cowes Week.

*Miss Lælia Ponsonby.* His Majesty's grandchildren are fortunate in their playfellows. Several of the younger members of the Royal Household are married and have little children, a special pet with the whole of the Royal Family being the pretty daughter of Captain and Mrs. Fritz Ponsonby. Captain Ponsonby, who is the King's assistant private secretary, has an official residence both at Windsor and at St. James's Palace, and accordingly his children are constantly with Prince Edward of Wales, his brothers, and his little sister.

*A Worried Count von Bülow.* Count von Bülow—the Chancellor—"German Lord Rosebery," as he has been not inaptly termed—bears a worried and a harassed look (writes our Berlin Correspondent). While the Kaiser



THE MARCHIONESS OF ORMONDE.

Photograph by Straight, Regent Street, W.

was away in the Mediterranean he was a cheerful and optimistic statesman, despite the unfavourable outlook of German affairs, for he was his own master and was able to devote his leisure hours to the society of his "crammer" from Berne—a pleasant-mannered Professor whose duty it is to prepare for the receptive mind of the Chancellor résumés of the latest scientific discoveries and literary productions.

With a memory well stored with carefully inculcated literary and artistic views, the Chancellor journeyed to Karlsruhe, hoping to impress the Emperor with his up-to-date knowledge of events in the literary world. But the Emperor was in no mood to bandy witticisms with his head-servant. He is even said to have informed him that the political affairs of Germany had been muddled during his absence. It is true that the Emperor subsequently wished Count von Bülow many happy returns of his birthday when he arrived in Berlin; but by appointing General von Trotha, against the Chancellor's wish, to the chief command in South-West Africa he showed how gravely his faith in Count von Bülow's judgment has been shaken. After a short stay in his capital, the Emperor departed on a tour of pleasure through the Empire. His last words, though uttered with a twinkle of the eye, were extremely significant. "I wonder," said His Majesty, "what the Jugginses will be up to this time while I am away."

*An Enterprising Reporter.*

The Queen of Holland, as a recent incident has proved, is both a brave and a gracious lady. About a fortnight ago, she inspected a people's kitchen in Amsterdam. After she and her Ladies-in-Waiting had tasted of the dainties prepared by the cook, a comely woman of some five-and-thirty years, the Queen inquired where the provisions were kept. "Here, your Majesty," said the cook, opening a cupboard



A PLAYMATE OF PRINCE EDWARD: MISS LÆLIA PONSONBY, DAUGHTER OF CAPTAIN FRITZ PONSONBY.

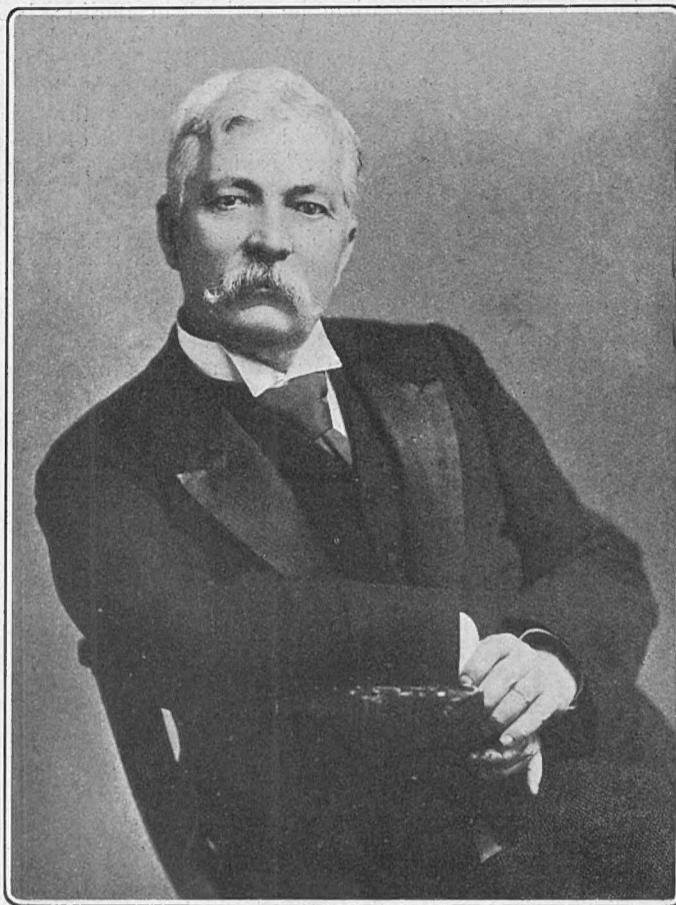
Photograph by E. Brooks.

door, through which the Queen and her attendants at once peeped, only, however, to start back with an exclamation of dismay caused by the figure of a man in hiding. Looks of intense indignation were cast at the cook, who was suspected of entertaining an admirer. While she was denying the unfair impeachment, the Queen bravely addressed the intruder, who confessed that he was a reporter attached to an Amsterdam paper. He had, he said, concealed himself in the hope of recording the observations of Her Majesty regarding the establishment. The young Queen received this confession with remarkable good-humour. Before dismissing the reporter, she commanded him to send her a copy of the paper containing his account of her inspection, which she promised him she would read with the greatest interest.

*A Sailor Prince.* Prince Adalbert of Prussia, the third son of the Emperor, who is following in the footsteps of his uncle, Prince Henry, as a sailor, is now with his ship, the cruiser *Hertha*, in the Far East. A few days ago he went ashore at Tientsin and set out for Pekin, where he was to be received by the Emperor of China, and immediately after the reception he was to rejoin his ship and continue his voyage, as the Kaiser intends that his son shall see as much of the fighting in the China Seas as possible.

Many touches in the graphic portraiture of the German Emperor given by Mrs. Atherton in her very clever "Rulers of Kings" are due to information supplied by that versatile journalist, Mr. Poultney Bigelow.

*The late Sir Henry M. Stanley.* "The greatest man in England" is the estimate Lady Stanley formed and expressed of the famous explorer whose untimely death on Tuesday of last week filled the whole of the civilised world with deep regret, as well as sympathy with the grief of the intimate members of his family



THE LATE SIR H. M. STANLEY.

Photograph by Elliott and Fry, Baker Street, W.

who mourn his loss. His career was another example of the fact that great men start as "rolling stones"—using the familiar words in no invidious sense—before they find the particular place to which they are called. John Rowlands, as Henry Morton Stanley was born, began life as a teacher in a school, and then became cabin-boy on a training-ship, after which he found employment on the other side of the Atlantic in the office of a merchant named Stanley, who subsequently adopted him.

When the Civil War broke out, Stanley became a soldier and was taken prisoner. He made his escape to England, and then, returning to America, joined the Federal Navy before he became a journalist. When on the staff of the *New York Herald*, he is said to have received the laconic command, "Go and find Livingstone," and he went. That started his career as an African explorer whose achievements can never be forgotten as long as the history of intrepidity exercises its fascinating influence on the human mind. It was in 1890 that he married Miss Dorothy Tennant, the well-known artist. Two years after, he sought to enter Parliament as the Liberal-Unionist candidate for North Lambeth, but was unsuccessful, though in 1895 he succeeded in his candidacy and represented the constituency for five years. Failing health compelled him to resign the year after he was knighted, though the honour of the accolade was almost among the least of those showered on him for his remarkable achievements.

*The French Minister for Foreign Affairs.*

M. Delcassé has indeed deserved well of his country. Thanks, in a great measure, to his astute intelligence, the "reign" of M. Loubet has been distinguished by several great international agreements, of which, of course, the latest concerns this country. The French Secretary for Foreign Affairs rejoices in the picturesque Christian name of Theophilus. He began life as a political journalist, and was for a while attached to the staff of *La République Française*. He entered public life as recently as 1889, and soon made his power felt in the French Chamber, especially as an ardent advocate of colonisation. M. Delcassé has a pleasant, open countenance. He possesses remarkable powers of hard work, and his enemies—for, of course, like all successful men, he has many enemies—never find him napping. He has been as fortunate in his marriage as in all else. His wife is a very charming woman, and M. Delcassé has to be very busy indeed not to put in an appearance during her Tuesday afternoon reception, which is, of course, generally graced by several members of the Diplomatic Corps.

*His Excellency the King's Cousin.*

The new Austro-Hungarian Ambassador is nearly related to the King. Count Albert Victor Julius Joseph Michael von Mensdorff-Pouilly-Dietrichstein, G.C.V.O., a name to rejoice the heart of a City toast-master, otherwise Count Albert Mensdorff *tout court* in these unceremonious days, is descended from Princess Sophia, Countess von Mensdorff-Pouilly, aunt of Queen Victoria, and is therefore the King's second-cousin. He has been First Secretary to the Austro-Hungarian Embassy in London for some eight years, and is very high in favour at Court. It is significant that he is almost invariably included in the house-party when their Majesties pay a visit to some great country-house, such as Chatsworth or Knowsley; indeed, he may be regarded as sharing the *vie intime* of the Royal Family much as his diplomatic friend, the Marquis de Soveral, the Portuguese Minister.

*A Touching Exhibition.*

To-day opens, under exceptionally distinguished Royal patronage, a touching little exhibition and sale of work in connection with the "Society for Promoting Female Welfare." The Prince and Princess of Wales, the Princess Christian, and the Duchess of Connaught are all interested in the excellent work done by that Society, which seeks specially to help the afflicted and sickly. Many great ladies will preside over the various stalls, Lady Frederick Cavendish having in hand that of which the exhibits are mainly Armenian in origin.

Progressive Dinners, at which the guests take the different courses at different houses, going from one to another by motor, are to be the fashion—

You ask where I'm dining, my dear Lady Jane;  
Well, it's rather a complex affair:  
I hope to consume my "hors-d'oeuvres" in Park Lane  
And my "potage" in Cavendish Square;  
And thence to Hans Crescent in time for the fish  
I purpose to beat a retreat,  
While for "chaudfroid de volaille"—my favourite dish—  
I'm going to Grosvenor Street.

Mrs. Arthur de Tomkyns—you know her by name—  
Has invited me round for the roast,  
And I'll probably toy with some "salmi" of game  
With Baron Fitzjones for my host.  
The sweets and the savoury next I shall take  
With the Campbells of Kensington Court,  
And I'll eat my dessert with old General Blake,  
Who has really some excellent port.

I'm due to play Bridge with my aunt, Mrs. Strong,  
Near Epsom, at nine of the clock,  
But I shall not be able to stay very long,  
As I've promised to sup at the "Troc."  
My flat is shut up. If I feel so inclined,  
You can give me a shake-down, you say?  
Oh, thanks very much! You're exceedingly kind;  
But I sleep at St. Margaret's Bay.

M. DELCASSÉ, THE FRENCH MINISTER FOR FOREIGN AFFAIRS  
Photograph by Nadar, Paris.

## "THE PRINCE OF PILSEN," AT THE SHAFTESBURY.



A SPIRITED GOLFING NUMBER—WITH APPROPRIATE CHORUS.

*Photograph by Byron, New York.*

THE LEADING COMEDIAN: MR. SHERMAN WADE AS FRANÇOIS.

*Photograph by Sarony, New York.*

THE LEADING LADY: MISS TRIXIE FREGANZA AS MRS. CROCKER.

*Photograph by Hall, New York.*

## MY MORNING PAPER.

By THE MAN IN THE TRAIN.



EXTRACT FROM A LETTER.

[DRAWN BY JAMES GREIG.]

"DEAREST AMY,—George and I arrived in Paris yesterday, and immediately found ourselves plunged into a whirl of gaiety."

MOST of us have realised something of the pleasure of catching the last train, but I suppose that the best-pleased people on this insignificant little planet of ours are the Russian ladies and gentlemen who caught the last train from Port Arthur. My morning paper has given me a good account of their journey, from which I gather that, when the fortunate travellers were steaming along the road to Newchwang, some Cossacks galloped up with the news that a lot of nasty little Japs had arrived from the coast and wanted to catch the last train too. And they would have caught it had not the Colonel in command—a gentleman with the unfortunately suggestive name of Ouranoff—told the engine-driver to go full-steam ahead. When the Japs arrived, they found that they had lost the last train and were forced to content themselves with depriving the permanent way of its qualifying adjective. Russian strategy was again triumphant, the Japs had to walk, and the Colonel who-ran-off will, I hope, live to fight another day. There is plenty of time; while France will continue to find the money, Russia says she will find the men. At time of writing, however, there have been loud explosions at Port Arthur, so military experts say that the Russians have gone off.

suggests that the suggests that the

I notice that Germany's military reputation is not flourishing in the unhealthy atmosphere of South-West Africa. My daily paper tells me that the German gentleman who looks after the Colonial Department of the Foreign Office has been heckled in the Reichstag by those troublesome Social Democrats who want to know whether the German soldiers give quarter to their opponents. The worthy official has been compelled to explain that Hereros don't want quarter. He explained that, in addition to rebelling against Germany, these savages have been guilty of allowing Englishmen whom they have captured to go free. Naturally, this disgusting behaviour has greatly incensed the representatives of the mailed fist.

I am interested in the action taken against the Navigating Lieutenant of H.M.S. *Sutlej*. My morning paper tells me that this warship sank a brigantine in the course of last autumn's manœuvres; the owners sued the warship for damages, and the Admiralty Court has given judgment for the plaintiff. Sir Francis Jeune holds that even a man-of-war may not run down a merchantman that gets in its way. "Warships," said the learned Judge, "have no monopoly of the seas." Of course, the Admiralty will appeal against this decision, but I fancy that the general public will side with the head of the Admiralty Court. Men-of-war have their place in the scheme of things, but so have merchantmen, and in the days when Navigating Lieutenants forget this obvious fact the popularity of the Navy will suffer.

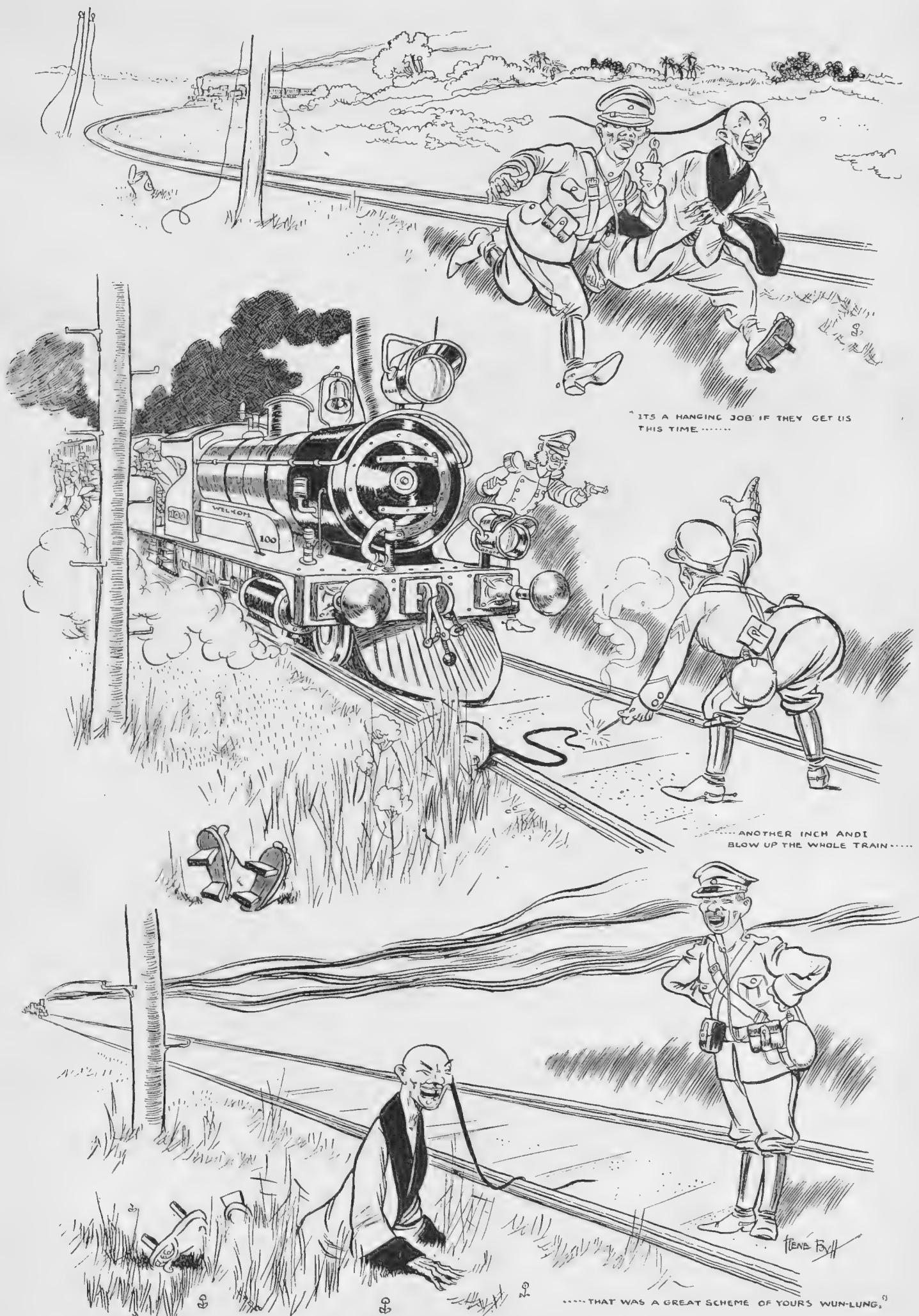
My morning paper suggests that Kaiser Wilhelm is very seriously upset by the turn things are taking in the Far East. He has warned his faithful and loving subjects to be prepared for eventualities, and a large section of the faithful have told him, in the rude fashion beloved of Social Democracy, that their sympathies are not with the Czar in this business. At the same time, the Kaiser's restlessness is not hard to explain. If the Russian Autocracy comes to grief and the government of the great Empire changes, the theory of divine right of Kaisers will be hard to maintain.

I have read with great regret the tragic story of the Golden Eagle and the Highland baby. I have seen one of these splendid birds making for some secluded spot with a young lamb in its claws, and have been assured by farmers in the North of Scotland that it has carried off their young pigs in the same way. Most foresters have seen the Golden Eagle attack a young deer, buffeting the poor beast with its heavy wings, and finally tearing off the most appetising portions, and leaving the carcase for foxes to devour. And yet, for all his sins, the Golden Eagle is one of the most attractive residents of the Highlands and the islands near the mainland. At this time of year the Golden Eagles have their young, and the appetites of the uncouth-looking new-comers drive the parent birds to travel immense distances in search of food. I have met one as far south as Yorkshire, and his home was probably in the Highlands. At present, he resides under a glass case. Since writing this paragraph I note that the Golden Eagle is only a *canard*, after all.

My morning paper gives me to understand that a Russian cruiser may intercept a British mail-boat, overhaul its letter-bags, and deal with any that are being sent to Japan as contraband of war. But, presumably in order that British susceptibilities may not be hurt, Lord Stanley

overhauling and mail-handling should be done gently and expeditiously. Such a speech must surely make Lord Palmerston turn in his grave. If any Foreign Power had done this thing when he was in office, there would have been ultimatums, apologies, indemnities, and the lions in Trafalgar Square would have stood upon their hind-legs and roared. I suppose Lord Stanley's is the better way, but it is not nearly so picturesque.

## THE WIRE-CUTTERS' RUSE; OR, AN ESCAPE ON THE LIAO-TUNG.





## THE STAGE FROM THE STALLS.

BY E. F. S.

(“Monocle.”)

“THE WHEAT KING”—COMING EVENTS.

THE past week has been more noticeable for postponements than productions. It seems a little remarkable that those connected with theatrical management should so often be compelled to change their dates, for it may be remembered that every alteration must cause great inconvenience to many people. The one actual event has been the transfer of “The Wheat King,” which seems to

have caught on and may well enjoy real success at the Avenue, since it impressed most of the audience when presented rather crudely and in a rough form at the Apollo. One still feels that it is half a pity so big a theme as a “Corner” in wheat has not been handled more powerfully. With such a backbone of matter, Mr. H. Arthur Jones’s clever piece, “The Rogue’s Comedy,” itself a kind of lineal descendant of Balzac’s “Mercadet” or “Le Faiseur,” via G. H. Lewis’s adaptation, “A Game of Speculation,” and the French piece by Octave Feuillet named “Montjoye,” of which “Mammon” and “A

Bunch of Violets” were versions, would

have had a prodigious success. As it stands, the authors of the present play are sufficiently successful in giving a kind of tangible existence to the terrific gamble to hold one enthralled during the chief scenes. Moreover, Mr. Carson’s acting is one of the most striking performances now on the boards, and Miss Esmé Beringer is exhibiting amply the charm of manner which some of those who have admitted her remarkable cleverness have denied.

The season promises to be very busy, though it is difficult to perceive any clear indication of truly remarkable events. The costly failure of “The Love Birds” and some utterances of Mr. George Edwardes give the idea that the lighter musico-dramatic works lately denounced by M. Filon, generally the most amiable and well-instructed of French critics on our theatres, are on the wane. Comic opera will, perhaps, reassert its empire, whilst certainly the theatres are going to be more active than last year with legitimate drama. “The Darling of the Gods,” successful, yet less popular than, with apparently good reason, many had prophesied, is soon to desert His Majesty’s, and Mr. Beerbohm Tree is going back to Shakspere, and will revive four works, all of which, it is believed, in his hands have defied the old proposition that Shakspere spelt ruin. Of course, playgoers would have welcomed a greater novelty than “Twelfth Night,” “A Midsummer Night’s Dream,” “Julius Cæsar,” and “Richard II.” However, the Londoners will be very curious to see Miss Viola Beerbohm Tree as Oberon, and as the boy-girl heroine of “What You Will,” and, if rumour be truthful, a great treat is in store for them. The other house in the Haymarket is soon abandoning “Joseph Entangled,” which, it is agreeable to note, has had a substantial success, whilst, on the other hand, it is a little vexing to observe that the stock piece of this theatre’s season is to come from France, and, under the name of “Lady Flirt,” a French work is to be given at the famous house which in bygone days largely depended upon the industry of Parisian playmakers and British pirates.

Among forthcoming works in which music and drama compete for popularity is one that causes great interest. This is “Sergeant Brue,”

that is to follow at the Strand Theatre that amazingly successful work, “A Chinese Honeymoon.” Since the last nights of the present piece are announced, I feel justified in laying a little stress upon the word “amazing,” for the vogue of the work has been quite inexplicable to many of us. The interesting feature of the new piece is the fact that Miss Liza Lehmann is composer of the music. We all recollect gratefully her delightful singing a very few years ago, and, indeed, as I write, there comes back into my ears the sound of her absolutely beautiful rendering of Massenet’s “Crépuscule.” Since then, as composer, she has had real triumphs, and her music—curiously light, delicately refined music—has enjoyed great success, particularly among those who claim to be connoisseurs. It would be rash to make the deduction that, because her success has been won with the delicate and refined, she does not possess the power to appeal effectively to the general public, which craves for the rough and strong. Success on her part will be warmly welcomed by the critics.

The chief miscellaneous entertainment of the season will be the Clement Scott matinée. No dramatic critic of our time, if of any, has had such warm admirers and fierce foes; nor has any living amongst us such a universally admitted claim to have rendered, in the capacity of critic, great service to the drama as the unfortunate writer on whom the heavy hand of illness has lain for many months. He has often been described as the worst enemy and the best friend, as the hardest fighter and truest supporter; time and calamity have softened the effect of old strifes and deepened the strength of long-standing friendships, and the profession—the profession—long famous for its generosity in setting its talents at the service of the afflicted, is going to make prodigious efforts on the 23rd day of June at His Majesty’s Theatre in honour of a member of the class naturally, if unfairly, regarded as a natural enemy of those beyond the footlights. Sir Henry Irving will, in honour of this occasion, make his only appearance in London, and it is not too much to say that all that is best and most popular in the profession will assist him; indeed, the task of the Committee of which Mr. Malcolm Watson is the Honorary Secretary will be peculiarly difficult, because there is already offered to it enough matter for several programmes, and, in addition, no amount of tact will prevent bitter complaint by those unable to secure seats for this unique occasion.

The annual invasion of French players will take place, though at present the announcements seem rather indefinite. Two curiosities are promised, result, presumably, of the *Entente Cordiale*. Madame Réjane and Mr. Lewis Waller are to appear together, and Madame Bernhardt and Mrs. Patrick Campbell will present “Pelléas et Melisande.” We all recollect with keen pleasure the exquisite picture of the hapless Princess given by “Mrs. Pat,” but the Prince of the French actress is a decidedly unknown quantity. Of course, as Hamlet, as Lorenzaccio, as “Le Passant,” and in the quaint work lately given at the Court, we have seen how she bears herself in the part of a man, and still I wonder whether the experiment will prove justifiable. Yet Mdlle. Marthe Mellot, when the play was given by the Théâtre de l’Œuvre at our old Opéra-Comique, gave an intensely pathetic performance in the character subsequently rendered admirably by Mr. Martin Harvey.

An English comédienne peculiarly French in style, Miss Marie Tempest, is coming back to us with several pieces in her répertoire, including, of course, “The Marriage of Kitty.” In addition, she has “The Freedom of Suzanne,” by Mr. Gordon-Lennox, and “When Knighthood was in Flower,” the title of which suggests—perhaps, deceitfully—a departure in style by the actress who has swiftly taken a place all to herself on our boards. One of the most interesting events will be the production in London by Mrs. Patrick Campbell of the play called “Warp and Woof,” written by Mrs. Alfred Lyttelton, for Mrs. Campbell, though she has made mistakes so far as popularity is concerned, has always shown such taste in the choice of pieces that one assumes that any work chosen by her will have some remarkable quality. It will be remembered that she introduced Professor Gilbert Murray to the English stage, and now the New Century Society, after a long period of inactivity, is going to present a work by him, “Hippolytus,” a translation from Euripides, which is to be given next month at matinées in the Lyric Theatre. Of course, I do not pretend that these few lines are in any way exhaustive. Nothing could be vainer than the task of prophesying about future productions, for managers propose and audiences dispose. Still, at least, one may say that the season promises great activity, and that the difficulty of getting a theatre will keep back some enterprises of moment.



MISS LILY ELSIE, PLAYING IN “A CHINESE HONEYMOON,” AT THE STRAND.

*Photograph by Ellis and Walery, Baker Street, IV.*

A THEATRICAL SOUVENIR: MR. WILLIE EDOUIN IN HIS MOST FAMOUS PART.



HILARIUS IN "LA POUPÉE."

DRAWN FROM LIFE BY R. C. CARTER.

## PATRONESSES OF THE OPERA.

WHAT Almack's was to the eighteenth century, the Covent Garden Opera House, with its stately, old-world splendour of aspect and social exclusiveness, has become to modern London. The Opera Syndicate, as it is called, is composed of some of the most powerful and socially important members of Society, and this,



THE DUCHESS OF MARLBOROUGH.

*From a Painting by Helleu.*

perhaps, is why it has succeeded in doing what so many of its predecessors failed in accomplishing.

Incredible as it must now appear, there was a time, and that for years, and in spite of the fact that the Court influence was always on the side of good music, when Grand Opera was decidedly unpopular in England, and when Society, in the Mayfair and Belgravia sense of the word, paid but little attention to what was or was not done at the Opera House. This was in the days succeeding the craze for Italian Opera, when Grisi and Malibran roused musical London to delirious enthusiasm, though even then the vogue of certain great singers, notably Jenny Lind, was entirely popular.

Then, late in the last century, the glories of Grand Opera revived, and the Syndicate who took the Heavenly Maid in hand was singularly fortunate in securing the assistance and the services of the late Sir Augustus Harris. The determined little group deserved success, for the best available talent in the world was secured, regardless of cost, the great musical centres of the Continent were persuaded to their co-operation, and Grand Opera at last became not only fashionable, but exceedingly exclusive, among its supporters and patrons being the leading members of what Lord Beaconsfield used to call the "High nobility." As soon as this became known, the Management were besieged with inquiries respecting subscriptions for stalls and boxes, but it soon became clear that the possession of mere wealth, however great, was by no means an "open sesame" to the joys and privileges conferred by the possession of a box on the Grand Tier, and much heart-burning resulted among those who found themselves "left out."

To glance at a plan of the Royal Opera House is to be given a bird's-eye view of Society as it is at present constituted. The King and Queen are indefatigable opera-goers, and the Royal Box is always well filled, as is also that next to it, belonging to Her Royal Highness the Duchess of Fife. Of the musical Duchesses, perhaps the most faithful patron of Grand Opera is Lily, Duchess of Marlborough; her Grace occupies Pit Tier Box No. A—that is, the one next to the stage. The tutelary goddess of Covent Garden is the Countess de Grey, who occupies the Grand Tier Box B, and who, together with her husband, has contributed more to the success of the Grand Opera Season than any other great lady with whom music is a passion. Another fair enthusiast is the Duchess of Leeds; and her sister, Lady Pembroke,

sister-in-law, by the way, to Sir Hubert and Lady Maud Parry, always attends every important production.

The American contingent is this year especially strong, and includes Mrs. Arthur Paget and Mrs. Adair; while it would seem as if every fair American who has become British by marriage must be musically inclined.

Only some few enthusiasts are box-holders throughout the whole week. These, however, include the Countess of Derby, Mrs. Ronalds, Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Harmsworth, and, of course, the Duke and Duchess of Bedford, the former, as ground-landlord of the Royal Opera House, having a right to the best box. Among the great South African contingent, Mr. Neumann, Mr. Beit, Mr. H. J. King, Mr. Rochfort Maguire, and Mr. Julius Wernher are all faithful supporters of the Opera, and the political world is adequately represented by Mr. W. F. D. Smith, Mr. "Lulu" Harcourt, and Mr. Victor Cavendish. Most of the King's intimates have boxes or stalls, notably Sir Ernest Cassel, Lord Farquhar, and Lord Esher, the latter having lately joined the Directorate.

The great feature of the present Season are three series of special performances "without cuts" of six Grand Operas, the conductor being in each case Dr. Hans Richter. The interest attaching to these performances was shown by the fact that their Majesties made a point of being present at that given on the evening of the day of their return from Ireland.

A point concerning these special performances "without cuts" is that they commence at seven o'clock, and are likely to reintroduce the fashion of substantial late suppers, as only the favoured few can dine, as do Royal personages, at the Opera itself.

The performers this Season include all the old favourites, and some new-comers, of whom, perhaps, the most notable are Miss Parkina and Miss Nielsen. Signor Caruso was also not heard last Season at Covent Garden, and wonderful things are expected of Herr Herold, Queen Alexandra's fellow-countryman, who is said to be the most remarkable tenor of modern days.

As yet, there is some doubt as to how many Gala Nights the present Season will see, and to those who delight in these splendid functions the postponement of the Emperor of Austria's visit must be



MRS. ALFRED HARMSWORTH.

*Photograph by Alice Hughes, Gower Street*

a keen disappointment. Of great State functions a Command Performance at Covent Garden is the most gorgeous. For that night only every box-holder waives his rights, but, of course, once the Sovereign and the official company have been provided with suitable accommodation, the subscribers, by an unwritten law, have the first claim on what remains.

## PATRONESSES OF THE OPERA.



LADY SHAFTESBURY.

*Photograph by H. Walter Barnett, Hyde Park Corner.*

MRS. ARTHUR PAGET.

*Photograph by Alice Hughes, Gower Street.*

MRS. CARL MEYER.

*Photograph by Langfier, Old Bond Street, W.*

THE COUNTESS DE GREY.

*Photograph by Lafayette, Bond Street, W.*

THE COUNTESS OF PEMBROKE.

*Photograph by Lafayette, Bond Street, W.*

MRS. ADAIR.

*Photograph by Lafayette, Bond Street, W.*

THE DUCHESS OF LEEDS.

*Photograph by Kate Pragnell, Knightsbridge.*

LILY, DUCHESS OF MARLBOROUGH

*Photograph by Ernest Collings, New Bond Street, W.*

THE COUNTESS OF LONDESBOROUGH

*Photograph by Langfier, Old Bond Street, W.*

## THE DOWNFALL OF ELIJAH BIRD.

BY S. L. BENSUSAN.

"LOR' love me," chuckled Father William, "she's a master, an' no mistake! Do ye stop 'ere," he added, turning to me, "an' do ye say ut all over ag'in, Mr. P'lliceman," he went on, turning to Maychester's representative of law and order. "Sakes alive, it dooes me good to listen to ye!" With these words, the oldest inhabitant put both hands to his staff and chuckled in manner surprising. He does not give way recklessly to mirth—his attitude towards life and his neighbours is much too serious. I left the pony to eat the grass by the roadside, and waited for the policeman.

"I was tellin' Father William, sir," he said, "that I was off dooty last evenin' an' went into th' Wheatsheaf for me pipe an' me glass. An' 'Lijah Bird, what lost is wife down be the Mush Farm last 'arrest, sat in th' bar, an' 'e'd 'ad enough, which weren't no business o' me, 'e bein' quiet an' me off dooty. An' th' lads were chafferin' o' 'Lijah like, an' ast 'im w're 'is noo missus were, what 'e married in November; and they do say she be wunnerful strict like along of 'im. An' 'Lijah up an' sez 'e don't care for she, an' when 'e wanted 'is pipe an' glass 'e'd take ut. Quite brave like 'e spoke, an' no mistake."

"Th' fool!" chimed in Father William, excitedly. "Do ye go on, Mr. P'lliceman. Lor', it's as good as the Fair hisself!"

"Well," continued the policeman, "I took 'me glass an' started out, an' then I see th' new Mrs. Bird comin' down askew th' meadow, so I waited. 'Do ye tell me, P'lliceman,' she said, 'if so be my 'Lijah's in there?'

"I think I've seed 'im," I told 'er, cautious like, an' in she went, an' I followed."

"Lor'," chimed in Father William, "I'd ha' given me crook to be there. An' that's nigh seventy year old, an' werry valuable, as everybody knows. Do ye go on, P'lliceman, an' don't git interruptin'."

"She went in strite," said the policeman, "an' 'Lijah shet up jest like the coastguard's telescope. Lor', now, she did rampage somethin' wilent like, spilt 'is beer an' broke 'is pipe, an' screamed terrible. An' 'e followed 'er out like a lamb. 'Do ye mark me,' she sez to 'im front of all on us, 'if I catches ye ag'in, I'll howk ye out by th' ear.' Lor', now, I never seed a man come so small as 'Lijah. An' the lads—well, if so be I'd been on dooty, I'd ha' had to make 'em quieter like, they were that wild."

"Ha, ha!" laughed Father William. "Makes me young ag'in to listen to ye, Mr. P'lliceman, and I'm werry 'bliged to ye, an' I shouldn't wonder 'e is too."

Naturally enough, I agreed; the policeman continued his journey, but the veteran, like Pharaoh of old, hardened his heart and would not let me go.

"Do ye come in a minnit an' don't deny a pore ole man, an' I'll tell ye 'bout 'Lijah Bird, f'r I've been a good neighbour to 'im jest as I 'ave to ye."

If a man would live in peace, he must not cross Father William.

So I entered the cottage and sat down in the shadow of the loud-ticking clock, while the ancient took his accustomed seat by the fire, and warmed his hands and put his feet in the fender, though the sun was blazing outside.

"Wunnerful cold I do get, to be sure," he muttered; "but there, there's them what's colder nor me an' ain't got no fire to warm 'em, unless it's 'ell-fire, an' well they deserves ut."

I fear he was thinking of the erstwhile contemporaries who had predeceased him, so I coughed slightly.

"Lor', now, I'd 'most forgotten ye," he said at once. "I were goin' to tell ye o' 'Lijah Bird. Well I mind 'is gran'-father—Thusaleh Bird were 'is name, though 'e didn't live to be as old as I am now, th' fool, so 'e 'ain't no right to sich a name—an' his father, Jerrymyer Bird, what fished f'r 'is livin' an' were drownded out at sea by a 'mazin' gale nigh twenty year ago. An' w'en 'e died, 'Lijah were on'y a boy an' so I give 'im good adwice. 'Jest don't ye never marry, me lad,' I sez to 'im, an many's th' time w'en 'e said, 'No, Father William, I'll be sure not to.' An' 'fore 'e were tharty 'e'd done it, th' liar. Married Jane Blaise, what died on th' Mush last 'arrest. She drunk an so did 'e, as everybody well knows, an' I never said a word to neither on 'em, f'r I'd washed me 'ands o' them."

"That must have been a long time ago, Father William," I suggested, after a brief glance at the hands in question.

"Nigh sevenyear," responded the unconscious veteran. "An' don't ye interrupt me, f'r I can't abide ut. Well, last 'arrest Jane were took wunnerful ill, an' died o' roomatrick fever, an' no wonder, seein' 'ow she drunk. Then I sort o' pitied 'Lijah, an' I spoke to 'im. 'Ye've been a rare fool, 'Lijah,' I said, 'an' don't ye deny ut, but the Loord's been full o' mercy to ye, an' she's took. Don't ye go f'r to marry ag'in, an' I'll be a friend to ye.' An' 'e said there weren't a women in Maychester 'e'd marry, not if she 'ad ten shillin' a-week without warkin' for ut. An' I b'lieved 'im, bein' a right-for'ard man meself, an' one what keeps 'is word, as all th' world knows."

He paused, and coaxed the fire to a blaze while he recovered his wind. Then he rose suddenly and pointed to me with outstretched finger.

"Mark th' liar," he said; "do ye mark ut! Died in July, pore thing, an' in November marries Sarah Stiles, an' well I knows all 'bout she—a woman what warks an' 'as a long lip an' a man's 'and, an' 'e'll feel th' weight of 'em both. An' now ye've 'eard th' p'lliceman, an' that pore thing, 'Lijah Bird, 'll 'member me words an' say, 'If I'd listened to Father William I'd ha' bin a man this day 'stead of a fool.' It's all come 'ome to 'im now."

"An' it's wittles to me to 'ear tell of ut," concluded the amiable old man, "wittles an' drink too."



THE LITTLE MILLINER.

DRAWN BY MAGDELEINE MONTBARD.

## A TYPE OF JAPANESE INFANTRY.



DRAWN FOR "THE SKETCH" BY R. CATON WOODVILLE.

SOME OF THE PRINCIPALS IN "SUNDAY," AT THE COMEDY.



TOM OXLEY (MR. J. D. BEVERIDGE)



TOWZER (MR. LOUIS CALVERT).



DAVY (MR. ALFRÉD BRYDONE).    COLONEL BRINTHORPE (MR. FRED TERRY).    LIVELY (MR. HORACE HODGES).  
SUNDAY (MISS JULIA NEILSON).

*Photographs by Ellis and Walery, Baker Street, W.*



MR. GEORGE ROBEY AS A PROVINCIAL MAYOR.



"I'VE HAD GREATNESS THRUST ON ME, AS 'TWERE."

*Photograph by Foulsham and Banfield.*

## THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

WE have lost a singularly picturesque figure in Maurice Jokai, the famous Hungarian author who was born as long ago as 1825. It was in 1844, when he settled in Pesth as an Advocate, that he was drawn into the heart of the revolution which had in view emancipation from the despotism of Austria. Men of letters threw themselves into the movement, and Jokai had as his close friend Alexander Petöfi, the Hungarian Nationalist poet. Jokai worked for reform as a journalist, and was saved from death only by the strategy of his wife, who, after the capitulation of Világos, concealed him in a peasant's hut in the forest while she hurried to Komorn and got his name inscribed amongst those of the officers who had been promised a pardon on the surrender of that fortress. Jokai might have been in London with Kossuth or fighting with Kmety, but he came back quietly to Pesth and set himself to that prolonged literary labour which has done so much to keep the Hungarian language alive.

At that time the Austrian Government was engaged in a futile campaign against the Hungarian speech, and this roused the Hungarians to make it a point of honour that they should speak and read nothing else. There was thus a public for an author, and Jokai has had from first to last the whole Hungarian people as his audience. Thus his books were sold at about one shilling and sixpence a volume. It is said that his profits were very great. The stream of his fiction flowed incessantly, and few can have read all his books. He did not confine himself to writing novels, for he was for many years editor of a newspaper, and was also a member of the Hungarian Diet. As the painter of the picturesque life of South-East Europe he has no rival; and, though he is not one of those authors who bear translation well, some of the English versions of his books give a

fair idea of his attraction. In his later years he made a fortunate second marriage with a young actress, and after his literary jubilee, which was celebrated in 1894, he became one of the representative figures of Hungary, visited by many foreigners and worshipped by his countrymen. Of late, however, he had expressed himself as very tired of life, and no doubt the end was welcome.

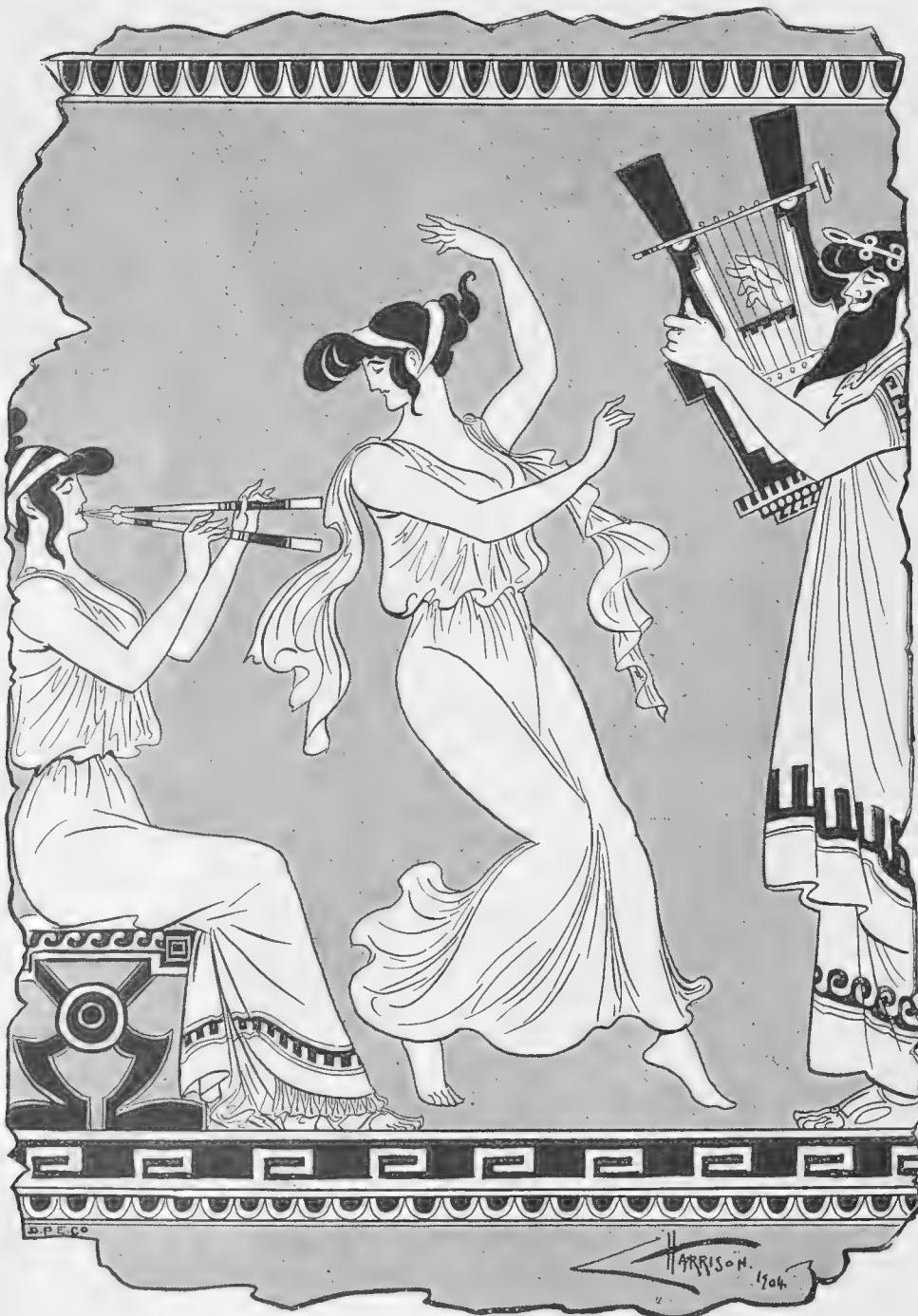
A new autograph catalogue contains extracts from a letter by De Quincey, in which he severely criticises Scott. He speaks of "the unworthy and degrading arts, intrigues, and knaveries by which this thorough bad Scotsman outrages the dignity of literature and of the literary character. About Sir W. S.'s talents and the quality of his work there are different opinions, among which I have no anxiety to obtrude mine, satisfied as I am that whatsoever is spurious and adulterate will finally perish. . . . But of Sir W. S.'s character for elevation of mind or any other moral quality which should accompany great talents, I think there is *not* much difference of opinion." There can be little doubt that this was the view generally taken of Scott during his lifetime, and Carlyle's essay is essentially at variance with a conception which the publication of Sir Walter Scott's Journal by David Douglas has proved to be false.

There is a pleasing reminiscence of Henry Kingsley in the May *Macmillan*. It is contributed by Mrs. Ritchie, who knew Henry Kingsley when he lived on the river between Henley and Wargrave. "He was working very hard, writing for newspapers and finishing book after book, but in intervals of leisure and sunshine we used sometimes to see him or his young wife sculling their little boat from under the branches of the willow-trees growing along those banks which, with their delicious, dabbled fringe of green and purple, divided our two cottages. The writer can remember going with her brother-in-law, Leslie Stephen, travelling also by water and along the green, shining sedges, to call upon Mr. and Mrs. Kingsley in their cottage at Wargrave. Whoever else might be there from the neighbouring houses, one special friend was always to be seen close to Henry Kingsley's chair, a beautiful deerhound, in looks like that Abbotsford Maida so well known to us all." There follows a little poem by Kingsley embodying in verse an early Christian legend.

Mr. Zangwill is a keen critic, and his intimate friendship with George Gissing gives a peculiar interest to his judgment on the work of that novelist. Mr. Zangwill credits Gissing with five great books, "The Nether World," "New Grub Street," "Demos," "The Odd Woman," and "The Whirlpool." I do not seriously dissent from this view. Mr. Zangwill goes on: "None of his contemporaries in England—until Zola and Tolstoi—anywhere else even attempted to wrestle with such big canvases, and, if Gissing did not always rise to the height of his great argument, the conception was at least Herculean." But Mr. Zangwill finds in Gissing over-refinement and narrowness of vision. These traits led him to exclude from his pictures of life the humorous touches which lighten the reality, and the genial acceptance which makes the lot of the poor and even the criminal classes less horrible to live than to behold. Here also there is insight, but Gissing was never in the full sense of the word a pessimist.

At last we have the true word on the unaccountable prejudice against England which mars so much of Hawthorne's writing, which infected even the genial Lowell, and left traces on the just and mild Emerson. Mr. Copeland, Lecturer on English Literature at Harvard University, says that fifty years ago a patriotic New Englander in England had a burning wish to redress the balance somewhere between the richly ordered life he found there and what Sir Leslie Stephen coarsely calls "the half-baked civilisation of New England." "These causes, I think, together with the natural repulsion of an American of genius to the unhumorous materialism of the English, are enough to explain the sub-chill that lurks in some of the most luminous pages of Hawthorne's book."

Lafcadio Hearn, the Japanese-American who writes so charmingly on his adopted country, has published, under the title "Kwaidan," a selection of old Japanese stories, some of them Folk-stories, some from books, all as different as possible in spirit, and full of the science and skill and intrepidity which are now making the world wonder. o. o.



RESEARCHES IN THE DANCE: THE ANCIENT GREEK.

## THE WELCOME AMERICAN INVASION.



MISS BILLIE BURKE, PLAYING IN "THE DUCHESS OF DANTZIC," AT THE LYRIC.

*Photograph by the Stage Pictorial Publishing Company.*



MR. HENRY A. LYTTON AND A GROUP OF "COSY CORNER" GIRLS (MISS RICKARDS, MISS THORNTON, AND MISS HAMMERTON)

IN "THE EARL AND THE GIRL," AT THE ADELPHI.

Photograph by Fullham and Banfield, Wigmore Street, W.

MAY 18, 1904

THE SKETCH.

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ART IN PHOTOGRAPHY [A CLEVER STUDY.]



MISS BLANCHE THORPE IN "THE CHERRY GIRL," AT THE VAUDEVILLE.

*Photograph by Foulsham and Banfield, Wigmore Street, W.*

## A GAIETY FAVOURITE.



MISS MARIE STUDHOLME AS JOSEPHINE ZACCARY IN "THE ORCHID."

*Photograph by W. and D. Downey, Ebury Street, S.W.*

## THREE NEW NOVELS.

"SIR MORTIMER."  
By MARY JOHNSTON.  
(Constable. 6s.)

not so much better written than the average novel intended for the delectation of the youthful mind, would fall readily into its class; the end, it is impossible not to think, would have been more artistic had Miss Johnston, instead of succumbing to the temptations of an ingeniously contrived conventionality, permitted it to be tragic. The first objection is comparatively a minor one; the latter grows in the mind. From the moment the note of tragedy is struck and as long as it is sustained the work is excellently done, and yields ample evidence of the keen sense of the picturesque and of the omnipresent felicity of expression which have gained so many admirers for the novelist's previous romances. In choosing to depict the doings of one of the many gentleman-adventurers of Elizabethan days, Miss Johnston lighted upon a subject at once hackneyed and, to modern ideas, in essence theatrical. That she has succeeded in clothing the bones of the past in moderately fresh garb, and in avoiding the theatrical as typified by paint-daubed canvas and gesticulating player, is much to be thankful for; but it is in the pathos of the gallant Sir Mortimer Ferne, the peer of Francis Drake, of Raleigh, and of Sidney, a clean leper, half-distraught and wholly crushed by the belief that, under torture, he has betrayed comrades to their death, that the strength of the story lies, and it is on this that the judgment must depend. The verdict is entirely in its favour.

"THE GAGE OF RED AND WHITE."  
By GRAHAM HOPP.  
(Smith, Elder. 6s.)

"The Gage of Red and White," after an opening that creaks somewhat, develops into a story that has much to commend it. There is no Wardour Street English; indeed, young officers of the French Army in 1543 speak in a manner not unknown to mess-rooms of to-day, and the effect is not unpleasing. The writer knows her period thoroughly—almost too thoroughly, for, out of a praiseworthy desire to avoid historical explanations, she has incurred the charge of obscurity in setting forth by allusion

only the complicated relationships of the House of Bourbon. But the story of the child-wife of the Duke of Cleves, Jeanne, daughter of Marguerite of Valois and niece of Francis I., is deftly told. It opens with her forced marriage, and tells of her romantic choice of a secret champion, the young Comte d'Aumale, who thenceforward wore her gage of red and white in unblemished honour, with only virtue for his reward. After Jeanne's divorce from Cleves, d'Aumale's star of love shone for a time, but his generous act towards a rival was turned by that rival, Vendôme, to his dishonour, and he lost Jeanne for ever.

THE LATEST PORTRAIT OF MR. T. P. O'CONNOR.

Taken by Whitlock

The tempest of the time is cunningly suggested; and the side-lights on the character of Catherine de' Medici have been justly touched in. Of adventure there is enough, and it has the advantage of not being too wonderful.

"INCOMPARABLE BELLAIRS."  
By AGNES AND EGERTON  
CASTLE.  
(Constable. 6s.)

Mr. and Mrs. Egerton Castle cannot part lightly with the characters they have been at some pains to create, and thus it is that the reader recognises with pleasure in the present volume several old acquaintances of a past century—and in yet another story, "French Nan," which will shortly see the light in the *Illustrated London News* Summer Number, we shall find Kitty and Denis O'Hara once more, even though the curtain has rung down upon that capricious widow's



... An empty evening to fill; in the neighbourhood of the Haymarket, London ...

Reproduced by permission from "Incomparable Bellairs." (Constable and Co.)

surrender to the bonds of wedlock. When you have, through the mouth of one of your characters, styled your heroine "incomparable," that old-world and expressive adjective, it behoves you to act up to it, and thus, whether Kitty be petulant, sad, gay, sulky, protesting, flirting, sighing, scolding, her charm outvies the charm of Venus herself. But, of course, we would not have it otherwise, or the spirit of the age would uprise to rebuke an author permitting himself a reservation. As a foil to Kitty we have Rachel Peace—equally beautiful in her way—and, famous actress though she be, she still suggests the dove-like quiet of her Quaker upbringing. Despite the sad episode in Lord Mandeville's country-house, when he makes her appear before his guests and thus proclaims her shame abroad, the inherent dignity and purity of the woman cause her protector to realise, even in those dissolute times, the enormity of his behaviour and win for her the title of wife. But what hint of tragedy there may be disappears before the presence of Denis O'Hara—and he is fairly ubiquitous as he pursues his cruel Kitty through the mazes of her multitudinous flirtations, "that chequered journey towards a suitable marriage" (as Mr. Castle is reported to have called it), and successfully, in an inimitable scene, prevents her marriage with another at the very steps of the altar. In prosaic modern English no justice could be done to a single incident in which this madcap Irishman plays a part. It is for those who wish to spend a few hours with the graceful figures of a bygone age to rejoice in his adventures with "Incomparable Bellairs," and to find anew that charm of style which is associated with these authors' eighteenth-century romances.



"WHAT'S THIS FOR, I WONDER?"

DRAWN BY OSCAR WILSON.



TEN MINUTES AGO THEY PARTED FOR EVER!

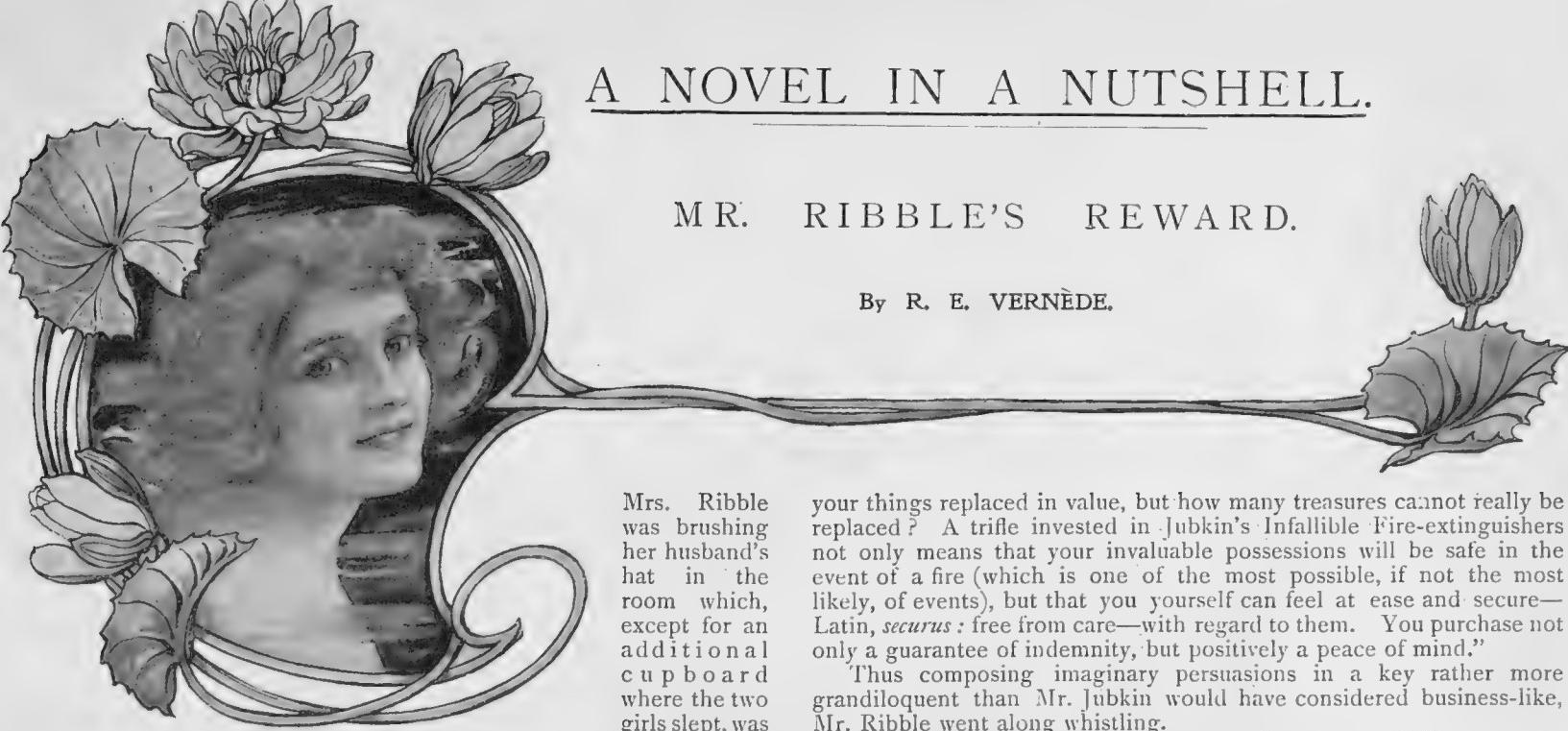
DRAWN BY C. FLEMING-WILLIAMS.

## “A HAND AT BRIDGE.”

HELD BY G. L. STAMPA



V.—“PENNY POINTS”



## A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL.

### MR. RIBBLE'S REWARD.

By R. E. VERNÈDE.

Mrs. Ribble was brushing her husband's hat in the room which, except for an additional cupboard where the two girls slept, was their whole house. There

was not very much nap left to the hat, and Mrs. Ribble handed it over with a sigh. "That's all I can do, I'm afraid," she said, sadly.

"Thank you, my dear," said Mr. Ribble. "I dare say it will last well enough for another week, and after that I may not need it."

"Don't say that, Augustus," said Mrs. Ribble, bravely. "And don't be depressed. I am sure you will do better to-day—I feel convinced of it."

She had some difficulty in putting conviction into her tones. She had said the words so often, and it was so long since Augustus had done well. Ever since he had lost his schoolmastership, at the age of thirty-five, owing to the arrival of a Headmaster with new views and a belief in younger men, he had been unsuccessful. People did not seem to believe in him. He had not a business mind, they said, and very likely it was true. He had taken to commercial travelling because a post had come his way and there seemed nothing else to do. He hated it, and orders did not seem to flow in upon him, though he did his best. For, as Mr. Jubkin, his employer, said, "You haven't enough gumption, Ribble."

Mr. Jubkin, patentee and purveyor of Jubkin's Infallible Fire-extinguisher, benefited a good deal by Mr. Ribble's want of gumption, for he employed him on commission only, and on a very small commission, growing less day by day.

"Try some West-End house-to-house calling," said Mr. Jubkin. "That's the ticket."

It was a species of work peculiarly hateful to Mr. Ribble. Massive footmen jeered at him when he called to see the lady of the house, and smart parlour-maids laughed him to scorn. When he did get an entrance, his composure usually deserted him, for he felt himself impertinent and out of place, and the fire-extinguishers would not sell without eloquence. Only the day before, he had been warned off the premises by a severe maiden lady on suspicion of being a burglar, so full of stammers and excuses was he. As though burglars were in the habit of stammering and excusing themselves! And to-day he must be at it again.

"I wish it were any other kind of work," he said, bitterly. "Not because it makes me lose my self-esteem. I'm past that. But people don't seem to want fire-extinguishers. And there are the girls."

"They're very well," said Mrs. Ribble, cheerfully.

"And you're getting so thin," he said, pausing on the threshold.

"Not a bit of it," said Mrs. Ribble, and she spoke stoutly enough. But when Augustus had vanished down the steep stairs, with his black bag in his hand, she wept a little from sheer weakness.

"It does seem hopeless," she whispered to herself, and sat down to paint away delicately at the fans by which she made a few pence now and then to supplement Mr. Ribble's diminutive income.

It may have been the fortitude of despair that took hold of Mr. Ribble as he tramped westward, but it certainly seemed to him that morning that he had never felt more resolute and composed. If he got a chance with anyone, it could not but happen that he would succeed in disposing of some of Mr. Jubkin's wares. It was not the weather that inspired him, for that was misty and gloomy enough, nor was it because he had slept well or fed well, for he had done neither.

"Yet I feel positively eloquent," he said to himself, after he had been wondering why as he went along. "Mary's convinced I shall do well to-day, and why shouldn't she be? Accidents do happen, and there's no doubt Jubkin's invention is thoroughly useful. If only people knew what a danger there was from fire—that's the difficulty. Insurance doesn't really pay—not against fire, Ma'am. You may get

your things replaced in value, but how many treasures cannot really be replaced? A trifling invested in Jubkin's Infallible Fire-extinguishers not only means that your invaluable possessions will be safe in the event of a fire (which is one of the most possible, if not the most likely, of events), but that you yourself can feel at ease and secure—Latin, *securus*: free from care—with regard to them. You purchase not only a guarantee of indemnity, but positively a peace of mind."

Thus composing imaginary persuasions in a key rather more grandiloquent than Mr. Jubkin would have considered business-like, Mr. Ribble went along whistling.

"Suppose I were to sell twenty flasks at five shillings—a not impossible quantity—"

Classics rather than mathematics had been Mr. Ribble's strong point, but he calculated—not without difficulty—that his earnings in that case might be something like three-and-six, which was more than he had made for some time.

"While orders for forty at the same would be—"

A square of handsome houses, in an old-fashioned but elegant style of architecture that Mr. Ribble knew from experience to indicate wealthy occupants, distracted his attention from his reckonings, and he eyed them with the eye of a business-man.

"If only they haven't been tapped lately," he murmured, brushing his hat with his sleeve a last time before he adventured up the steps of No. 1 and pulled the bell. He had no belief in knockers, on the ground that servants seldom hear them, and, if they do and answer the knock, are annoyed if anyone less than a Marquis presents himself.

Some kind of luck was certainly with him; for, in spite of the bitter cold of the weather, which varied between wind and sleet, the door was opened in less than a minute.

"I—er—er"—Mr. Ribble pulled himself together sharply—"May I have the pleasure of seeing the master of the house for a moment?"

The maid looked at him uncertainly.

"The master doesn't like to be disturbed at this time. This afternoon—"

"Perhaps," said Mr. Ribble, resolutely, "I could see the lady of the house—for a moment only?"

"Is it important?" asked the maid.

"Very," said Mr. Ribble.

She may have been a young maid, or she may, unlike most of her class, have been impressed somehow by Mr. Ribble's not august appearance; but, in any case, she gave in.

"If you will step this way, please, I'll ask the mistress if she will see you."

And Mr. Ribble found himself left alone in what seemed to be a library, with a great open hearth and fat Persian rugs on the floor, a room quietly furnished, and stacked with books from ceiling to floor. He would have given his next meal—far enough away though that was, in all likelihood—to be able to take down and glance through some of those treasures, but it would hardly have been polite, and it was certainly not business. So he employed his time in unpacking the contents of his black bag, one of the tricks of the trade that made his heart sick, but compelled a householder, however unwilling, to hear something of their virtues while they were in course of being re-packed.

"Good-morning. I am afraid that my father is too busy to see anyone. Can I—? Oh!"

A radiant lady, young, with beautiful black hair, and a scarlet dress that was the very colour to keep cold away (Mr. Ribble spasmodically calculated what it would cost to clothe Mary in just such a one), had flashed into the room, full of charming anxiety to deal rightly with her father's visitor, when her eyes, which had been fixed on Mr. Ribble with a pleasant, frank smile, suddenly encountered the row of Jubkin's Infallible Fire-extinguishers (in flasks) that Mr. Ribble had heaped upon the floor.

"Oh," she said, "have you—dropped them?"

Confusion took hold of Mr. Ribble by the throat.

"Ma—Madam—I—they—apologise. Being anxious to—er—dispose—"

Mr. Ribble was unable to proceed further.

"What are they?" the girl asked, curiously.

"Fire-extinguishers," said Mr. Ribble, like an automaton. "Jubkin's Infallible Fire-extinguishers (in flasks)."

"And—oh, I see!—you wanted to sell my father some?"

A more pressing shame reminded Mr. Ribble of his profession. To be shaken out of his resolutions, so hardly and so recently made, would be shame indeed.

"It is my business to sell them," he explained. "I am afraid that I ought not to have littered your floor. But, if I may explain, it is sometimes difficult to get a hearing. One wants time and—"

"I see," said the girl, sympathetically.

"Would it be possible," said Mr. Ribble, whose gumption, it is to be feared, was not of the kind to take advantage of a soft heart, "would it be possible for me to sell you any? They are useful."

"I expect they are," said the girl, kindly; "but, as you see, we have another kind already."

She pointed to some bottles hung on the wall in a corner that had escaped Mr. Ribble's not very critical gaze.

"I see. I'm very sorry for intruding. I—" Mr. Ribble backed to the door as he spoke, and, having reached it, turned, so to speak, at bay. "Madam, Jubkin's are infallible, positively unfailing . . . in a house like this . . . full of treasures . . . a library worth . . . those first editions alone, a whole shelf . . . suppose they caught fire, and the other bottles failed?"

Something in Mr. Ribble's broken pleading must have given the girl a glimpse of his desperate anxiety, for she smiled again, and said this time—

"Well, I know that my father always is a little anxious about his library, and if your flasks really do extinguish —"

"Permit me to show you." Mr. Ribble held out a sample flask in a trembling hand.

"If you would be kind enough to break that over the fire."

"Like this?"

She had taken the flask and had bent over the grate. Next moment, and before the flask had been shattered, a tongue of flame from the great log-fire had leaped up unaccountably and set her dress in a flame. She started back with a little cry of dismay, and Mr. Ribble, to his own astonishment, heard himself saying in a calm and rather stern voice—

"Stand still, please. It will be out in a moment."

She had seemed about to rush from the room in her fright, but stood still at that. Mr. Ribble had already broken the neck of the flask on the back of a chair, and, holding her burning dress in one hand, he bestrewed it plentifully. To his horror, the flame shot up through the inflammable material of the dress more as if oil than anything else had been poured upon it.

Jubkin's Infallible Fire-extinguisher had failed, and Mr. Ribble's heart beat on his ribs. Never had he supposed that he was travelling for a deceiver and trying to sell a fraud. His belief in the fact that, at least, he was doing honest work had supported him in many hours of depression. He would have starved sooner than accept a commission for this.

Now, at the critical moment, the thing had failed, and the

consciousness of his mistake almost paralysed him. The flames were licking at his left hand, that still clutched the dress; a strange, fizzing odour of burnt stuff was blown about. And, as the fire caught the girl's hair and she almost wrested herself from Mr. Ribble's grasp, shrieking with fear, he collected himself. Another moment, and he had wrapped one of the rugs about her and was stifling the flame.

"Thank you."

A rather suffocated voice came out of the rug in heart-felt gratitude, and Mr. Ribble rose from his knees (he had dragged the girl down to the floor), hardly realising that the whole thing had been the affair of a minute. His hands were tingling with pain and he felt bald about the temples.

"I hope you are not greatly hurt," he stammered. "I should never forgive myself. I never knew—"

"You saved me," she said, and just then the door opened and a tall, grey-headed old man entered in a vast flurry.

"Betty!" he said, and stopped in dismay.

"It's all right, father," said the girl. "This gentleman has just saved my life, I think. I caught fire."

And Mr. Ribble found himself a hero. It took him some time to realise that he was being thanked instead of cursed. He had rather expected to be kicked out of the house, and would have taken any punishment with submission. But at the end of half-an-hour, when his burnt hands had been bandaged and a glass of wine had set him on his feet again, he discovered that Mr. Essington, owner of that magnificent library, was gratefully wondering what in the world he could do for him (Mr. Ribble) to show his gratitude for saving his daughter so gallantly and with such presence of mind.

"But it was all my fault," Mr. Ribble protested.

"Nonsense, sir; not a bit of it!" said the old gentleman. "And she isn't even marked, thank Heaven! Now, tell me something—anything that I can do for you."

Mr. Ribble modestly thought that perhaps the old gentleman would allow him just to look round the library.

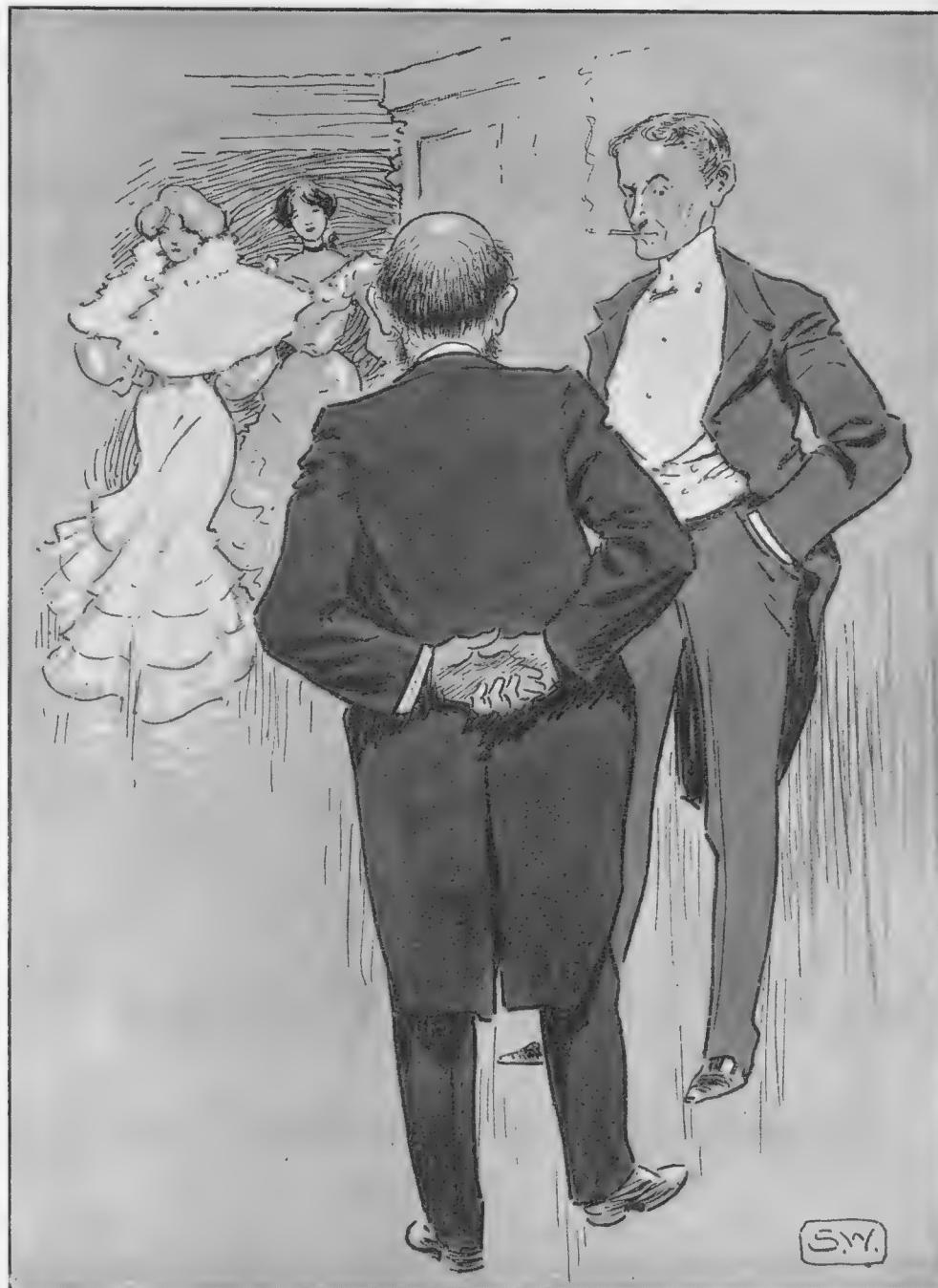
"My dear sir, you may look round it for ever!" said Mr. Essington. "By Jove!" he paused and looked at Mr. Ribble doubtfully: it may be that his daughter had given him a hint—"I wonder . . . I suppose you couldn't recommend me a librarian, by any chance? I'm getting overflowed, and having a new library built at the back of the house. And I'm looking for a librarian. I thought of offering two hundred and fifty pounds, as a start. Of course, it wouldn't mean the whole day."

Mr. Ribble gasped. The Millennium seemed to be beginning—if only—

"If—if—"

"You don't mean to tell me you'd take it yourself?" said Mr. Essington, apparently delighted. "My dear sir, I'd make it three hundred if you would! I knew you were a scholar from the first glance at you, 'pon my word."

And so the bargain was concluded and Mr. Ribble entered upon the kingdom of his heart's content. As he told Mary, when he got back in the afternoon, it was like Dickens and a fairy-tale mixed in one—"And Jubkin be hanged, my dear!" said Mr. Ribble.



AT "SATURDAY TO MONDAY."

"Not a bad play, so far. I wonder how it will finish?"  
"It's bound to have a 'week end,' anyhow."

[DRAWN BY STARR WOOD]



## HEARD IN THE GREEN-ROOM



THE truth of the proverb, "It is an ill wind that blows nobody any good," is likely to be the cause of a great deal of pleasure to Sir Charles Wyndham's admirers. As the honeymoon of "The Bride and Bridegroom" is not to be a protracted one, the time left vacant by Mr. Arthur Law's play in what was arranged to be, at

men, since Time is so potent a factor when it comes to women, it is worth noting that Mrs. Kendal still associates herself with the heroine of "A Scrap of Paper," even though—realising the truth of a certain Latin proverb, which we may translate into "When Nature says 'No,' it's no use trying to say 'Yes'"—she has dropped the other younger parts from her répertoire, and Miss Ellen Terry still plays Portia and Beatrice, especially Portia.

If we look more closely into these things than we generally do in the Green-room, which is essentially a place for superficial observation, we find that the parts which live in this way are, as a rule, many-sided in themselves, and are almost essentially "character" parts, a term which, objectionable in itself, fulfils its mission as a label for a character which demands in its portrayal a certain vivid imaginative effort as well as effect on the part of the impersonator. Another reason why, perhaps, these "character" parts stand such a test of time is that they require a special make-up, and are invariably older and stronger men, so that the actor at first has to add something to his years, rather than by art try to diminish them.

Departing from what has been, so far, the invariable custom at the Hippodrome, of producing a new sensational sketch during the summer season, Mr. H. E. Moss, recognising the universal interest in the War in the Far East, in which Siberia naturally plays a decidedly important part, has decided to revive the popular sketch of that name, with all the old effects which rendered it conspicuous among the Hippodrome's melodramas in miniature. The revival may be looked for at the end of the present month or within the first few days of June.

When the curtain rises at the Court this evening on Mr. J. H. Leigh's revival of "Timon of Athens," the stage in general, and that audience in particular, will have the pleasure of welcoming the *doyen* of the stage, in the person of Mr. Hermann Vezin, who, though in his seventy-sixth year, is as capable as ever of sustaining the most arduous Shaksperian parts. Indeed, he would probably be able to play Othello to-night with as little sign of fatigue as he did the evening he celebrated his seventy-second birthday, when the *Times* asserted that his performance was the finest the modern playgoer had seen.



MISS HILDA SPONG, THE ORIGINAL MISS ELIZABETH IN THE AMERICAN PRODUCTION OF "MISS ELIZABETH'S PRISONER."

*Photograph by Sands and Brady, Rhode Island, U.S.A.*

the best, a short season, will be devoted to a series of revivals, starting with "The Case of Rebellious Susan," to be followed by some of the plays in which Sir Charles is pre-eminently suited with opportunities for the display of those phases of his art in which he is admittedly unrivalled.

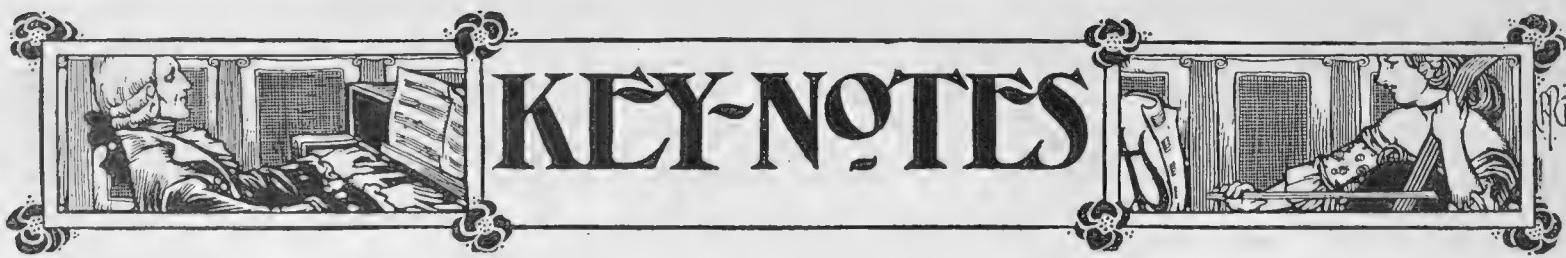
The plays associated with the names of popular favourites have, not unnaturally, been discussed these last few days in the Green-room not only on account of Sir Charles's decision, but also because of the announcement that Mrs. Patrick Campbell is reviving "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray," the part with which, just eleven years ago, she sprang into such brilliant eminence at the St. James's. Greatly attractive and brilliantly clever as is her Magda, the impersonation pales, from the popular point of view at all events, before that masterly piece of portraiture—as perfect a realisation of a modern woman as the modern stage can hope to witness.

"David Garrick" exercises an equally potent spell over the theatre-goer when acted by Sir Charles Wyndham, and he finds in it much the same fascination as Sir Henry Irving does as Mathias in "The Bells," a part which he has been playing, on and off, for thirty-odd years, yet the potency of the impersonation has not only lost no jot of its attractiveness, but has probably increased under the development of the great actor's experience. During the last few years, Svengali has been, perhaps, the part to which Mr. Tree has returned most frequently, but the restlessness of his temperament is, no doubt, the reason why he has impressed himself on no particular part—or, to put it otherwise, impressed no part above all others into his répertoire. The same remark might apply to Mr. George Alexander, while Mr. Arthur Bourchier shows a tendency to make Dr. Johnson his chief character.

While the association of such parts is almost of necessity limited to



MR. ARTHUR DONALDSON AS "THE PRINCE OF PILSEN," AT THE SHAFTESBURY.



MADAME MELBA, that wonderful artist who so seldom gives concert-goers the chance of hearing her upon the platform, organised a most successful afternoon concert at the Queen's Hall last week, at which she was assisted by Fräulein Ternina, M. Renaud, the Queen's Hall Orchestra (conducted by Mr. Henry Wood), and other artists, in aid of Queen Charlotte's Hospital. The prima donna was in wonderful voice, and sang Ambroise Thomas's Scene and Air, "À vos jeux," from "Hamlet," with wonderful effect. She also sang the "Ave Maria" (the Bach-Gounod version), accompanied by Mr. Wood, Miss Sassoli, Mr. Payne, and Mr. Landon Ronald, and her rendering of this song, with its magnificent artistry and splendid accomplishment, made it quite memorable, and she was forced to give an encore. Fräulein Ternina sang the "Liebestod" from "Tristan und Isolde" with all her well-known dramatic power and force; but, somehow, she seemed to need the full stage-effect and the presence of Tristan to bring out the true depths of her art. M. Renaud, in "Plaisirs d'Amour," sang with much distinction, and Miss Sassoli was quite interesting in her harp-playing. The Orchestra, under Mr. Henry Wood, played three Wagner selections and Mendelssohn's Scherzo from "A Midsummer Night's Dream."

Speaking of Mr. Henry Wood, we understand that he has resigned his position as Conductor of the Sheffield Musical Festival, which he had booked for next year—a resignation which much concerns Festival musical amateurs; also a Concert with the Moscow Philharmonic Society, fixed for December next, and Six Concerts in America next January. His reason for this action is that the musicians of his band are not to be allowed to send deputies to any of their Concerts, and Mr. Wood has therefore cancelled the above-mentioned engagements in order that he may conform to the same conditions which are demanded from his Orchestra.

To-morrow afternoon, the 19th inst., a Concert is to take place at Steinway Hall, when three new Chamber-music compositions will be given; they will include a Quintet by Percy Godfrey (for Piano and Strings with Double Bass), a Quintet for wind-instruments by Fritz Kauffmann, and a Sextet for Strings by Hakon Böressen. The performers, for the most part, will be young and ambitious artists who have amalgamated to produce these new works, and we heartily wish them every success in their venture. The first-mentioned Quintet will be led by Mr. C. Woodhouse, and the others by Mr. E. Hudson.

On Tuesday of last week Madame Melba made her *rentrée* at Covent Garden in a performance of Gounod's "Roméo et Juliette," before a very crowded and enthusiastic audience. M. Saléza was the Romeo, and we can conscientiously say that we have seldom heard him to greater advantage; his voice seems to have grown in strength and dignity since he was last here in this country. As Juliette, Madame Melba was really magnificent; her beautiful voice seemed to soar to the great heights and to get to the very heart of things, her thrilling notes holding her audience whenever she was on the stage. Mdlle. Bauermeister was the Gertrude, M. Seveilhac the Mercutio, and M. Journet the Frère Laurent of the piece, all of whom were excellent in their respective rôles. Under Signor Mancinelli the Orchestra gave a very fine performance of this, which is, to our mind, Gounod's best operatic work.



MISS MAY HARRISON, A YOUNG VIOLINIST WHO WILL PLAY AT ST. JAMES'S HALL ON MAY 31.

*Photograph by Vandyk, Gloucester Road, S.W.*

ago in the part of Lohengrin and created a very marked impression by his magnificent singing and his dignified acting.—COMMON CHORD.

Miss May Harrison is a youthful violinist of whom much is expected. From a very early age she showed signs of remarkable gifts, and when five, though self-taught, she had mastered many difficult pieces of music. Two years later she commenced to study in earnest, with the result that at the age of ten she won the Gold Medal of the Associated Board of the Royal College and the Royal Academy of Music, and was awarded an exhibition at the Royal College. She has since made rapid progress under the tuition of Señor Arbos and M. Rivarde, and will make her bow to the music-loving public at St. James's Hall on the 31st inst., on which occasion she will be assisted by the Queen's Hall Orchestra. Little Miss May is only thirteen, and success has not in any way spoiled her, for she is still quite unaffected and childlike. She is the daughter of Colonel J. H. C. Harrison, late of the Royal Engineers.

M. André Messager is best known to London in his capacity of Artistic Director of the Royal Opera House. He has held the post for three years, and a similar position at the Opéra-Comique in Paris for six or seven. But those of us who remember the gallant attempt to establish an English Opera House in London have not forgotten "La Basoche," the very charming work from M. Messager's pen that followed Sullivan's "Ivanhoe." In Paris the composer's scores are very popular. Perhaps "La Béarnaise," "Isoline," and "Madame

Chrysanthème" are best known among his light operas, and he has given Parisians at least one ballet, "Les Deux Pigeons," which was produced at the Opera House. M. Messager is in his fifty-first year, and in his student days he studied in Paris with Camille Saint-Saëns.



M. MESSAGER,  
COMPOSER OF "VÉRONIQUE."

*Photograph by Pierre Petit, Paris*



*The Eliminating Trials—The Course—Cars—The French Trial.*

If the Isle of Man course was bad—and it was bad—the temper in which the Manxmen received the motorists last week and entered into their sport was in every way admirable. Nothing was too much trouble: roads might be stopped, furniture commandeered from roadside cottages, possession taken of front-gardens—indeed, the whole Island laid under contribution for the success of the

dissatisfaction was felt in the Island and by all the spectators that no results were made known either on Tuesday night or Wednesday morning. To promise the Islanders a race, luring large numbers of folks from the mainland, and then to withhold the name of the winner and the positions of the competitors generally, was something less than kind, and, if the House of Keys is moved for future events, they are hardly likely to benefit the Island from a visitor's point of view if run on similar lines.



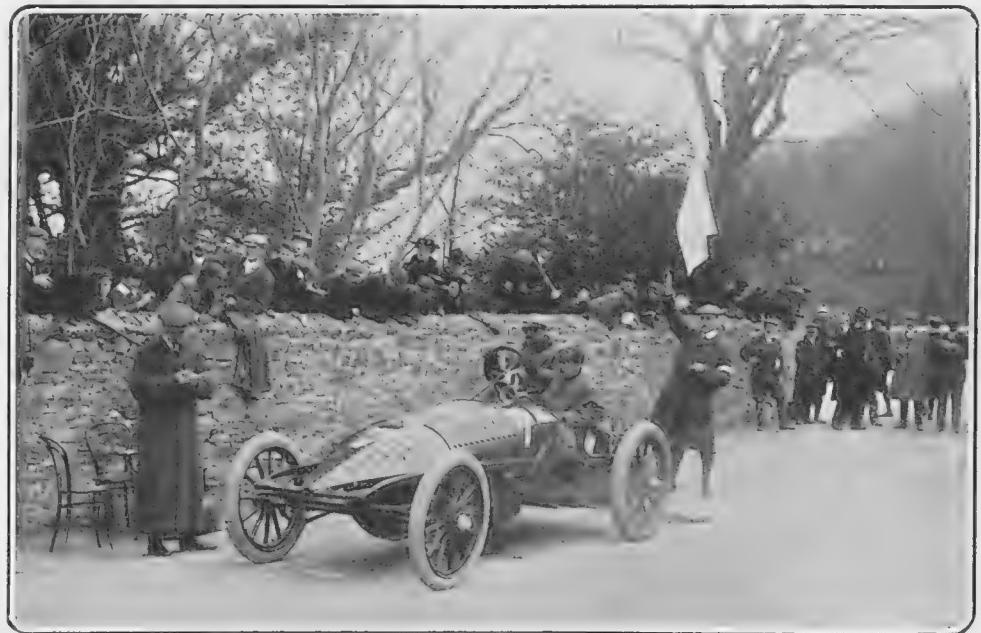
THE ELIMINATING TRIALS IN THE ISLE OF MAN: MR. CHARLES JARROTT NEGOTIATES A DIFFICULT MOUNTAIN-PASS ON HIS WOLSELEY.

Eliminating Trials. The regular and special police were most efficient and tactful in the performance of their duties, being hugely aided therein by the tact and restraint of the spectators, who mustered in large numbers on the many vantage-points of the course. Even the Manx boy was tractable and kept outside the barriers. The events throughout were blessed with glorious weather, the day of the Trial itself, namely, Tuesday, being one of the most perfect motoring-days I have ever seen. An addition to the published programme for that day was the three-mile speed-test out of Castletown towards Foxdale—really the only safe stretch of road for fast driving on the whole circuit, and then very rough. Jarrott characterised the unevenness of the road by remarking that he sat down on his seat only three times in each circuit; the rest of the time he was in the air.

Two days before the big day I made a tour of the course upon a fairly high-powered touring-car belonging to a well-known member of the Club who lives near Market Harborough, and, though he is a careful driver, I am bound to confess that at most of the corners I found myself putting on imaginary brakes and withdrawing imaginary clutches. How the crack drivers got round the course at the speed they did without any accident throughout the whole of Tuesday I shall never realise. There could be and there was no racing of any sort, for as a racing-course the route "bristled with death-traps." Stocks described the day's proceedings as one long wrestle with his clutch, and certain it was that the clutches could not have been left in for many moments at a time. It is remarkable that Stocks and Earp, both driving Napiers with non-slipping Dunlop tyres, went through the day without a puncture, change, or necessity for inflation. In the half-mile speed-test at Ballaugh, Edge is credited with covering 880 yards in  $23\frac{1}{2}$  sec., equal to  $76\frac{1}{2}$  miles per hour. Since I wrote the above lines the actual results have been made known from the Club, but great

From critical observation of the Trial on Tuesday from several parts of the course, and comparison of such times as were available before the publication of the official figures or decision, I thought that the Club Committee's selection for the representation of this country in the Gordon Bennett race would fall upon the two Napier driven by S. F. Edge and J. Stocks and the Wolseley driven by Charles Jarrott. However, Stocks has not been chosen, Sidney Girling and his Wolseley having been awarded second place. The Wolseley racers do the Birmingham firm great credit. They have pluckily stuck to the game until they have turned out really fast cars. Whatever chance the English-built Darracq cars may have possessed was thrown away by the extraordinary behaviour and conduct of their two French drivers. It is a thousand pities that Mr. Rawlinson's car did not keep the road in good fettle throughout, for, from the little I saw of the Darracq driven by Edmonds, it appeared to be as smart and fast a car as anything in the Trial.

The French Gordon Bennett Eliminating Trials take place on Friday next, no less than twenty-nine cars being set down to start. Our own Mr. Jarrott is down to drive a De Dietrich, though whether he will do so now he has been selected to drive for England in the great race itself is another matter. The French Trial is to be a race, and a very fine spectacle it is certain to provide. The total distance to be covered is three hundred and fifty-two miles, requiring six circuits of the course. We miss many of the famous French driving-names from the list—Henri Fournier, Rolls, René de Knyff, and others are absent. Fascinating as speed motor-driving may be, there comes a time when nerves can no longer be braced to it and it has to be dropped. With regard to new English drivers, I think Stocks and Girling may now be considered proven, but I am still at a loss, with the *Autocar*, to understand why the Hon. C. S. Rolls, with all his experience, was not at the wheel of one of the English cars on Tuesday week last.



THE ELIMINATING TRIALS: MR. CAMPBELL MUIR MAKES A START ON HIS WOLSELEY.



*Training-Grounds—Goodwood—The Derby—Jockeys—“Music hath Charms.”*

FOR many years in *The Sketch* I have drawn attention to the Wiltshire Downs as a capital centre for training horses. As a young man, I farmed several thousand acres there owned by the Duke of Cornwall, who, by-the-by, also owns Kennington Oval. Ypsilanti, as all the racing world knows, is trained at Netheravon by Fallon. The going thereabouts is of the very best, although a dweller in the neighbourhood tells me that the military operations have played the very deuce with some of the gallops. I am more than ever convinced that Fallon, Darling, and Taylor will lead back some good winners of long-distance races before the season is closed. At Beckhampton, Darling has some long, healthy gallops that are available the whole year round, and the same can be said of the Manton training-grounds hard by that are presided over by Alec Taylor. Here Sceptre does her daily gallops, and it was here that Grey Tick was prepared for last year's Cesarewitch. I should add that miles of downs are available in Wiltshire for the training of horses, and owners might do worse than patronise them.

I have before referred to the new stands at Goodwood, and it is reassuring to be told that these will be available for the next meeting. I believe, according to present arrangements, their Majesties the King and Queen will occupy Goodwood House for the meeting, in which case the attendance should beat all records. It is rumoured, too, that the Duke of Norfolk will bring a party to the meeting from Arundel Castle. His Grace does not favour racing, but he owns the Michel Grove training establishment, which is tenanted by Mr. G. S. Davies. *En passant*, it may be remarked that the "Good" Earl of Shaftesbury owned the Woodyates training establishment at the time William Day occupied it. But to the horses at Goodwood. Twenty are left in the Goodwood Cup out of an original entry of a hundred and two, and it is just on the cards that this race will go to His Majesty the King by the aid of Mead, who is said to have much improved of late. Thirty-two three-year-olds are left in the Gordon Stakes, including Santry and John o' Gaunt. The King has left in Ortolan and Perchant, and His Majesty has Penshaw in the Richmond Stakes.

The result of the race for the Newmarket Stakes has complicated the situation for the Derby until confusion has become worse confounded. Seemingly, St. Amant is unreliable and John o' Gaunt wants resolute riding, while Henry the First may be a stayer or he may not. Prejudice does not prove a son of Melton at three years of age, and it may be that he will start at an outside price at Epsom. There is a big opportunity for a Jeddah to score this time, and it is said John Porter has a promising outsider in Darley Dale, who is, according to rumour, the best of the Kingsclere lot. Again, Darling has Dividend engaged in the race. The colt belongs to Mr. J. Gubbins, who won the Derby with Galtee More and again with Ard Patrick. We cannot afford, by-the-by, to hold the better of M. Blanc's pair too cheaply, now that the English form has gone off at so many tangents.

I do think backers have a deal of cause for grumbling at the riding of many of our second-rate jockeys. Artists of the standing of Madden, Lane, Maher, Trigg, and a few others, can be relied upon to give satisfaction five times out of six, and nothing but sheer accident could prevent them from winning if the horses they rode were good enough. On the other hand, several of the minor jockeys are lacking in courage, and they either lose the race at the start, or they are not able to fight out a fierce finish against their more competent brothers. This sort of thing is most perplexing to the handicappers, and I am not sure that incompetent jockeys should be allowed to ride in handicaps at all. There is, too, another side of the question that it is necessary to face. The timid jockey often prevents his own mount from winning, and is a bar owing to his bad riding to other horses engaged in the race. Why not start some merit races for jockeys in which the good riders only are allowed to compete?

It was a real treat to listen to the strains of the Blue Hungarian Band on the Members' Lawn at Kempton at the Jubilee Meeting, while the Coldstreamers gave the crowd some music at the opposite side of the course. I suppose it is too much to hope for a band at the Newmarket meetings, but I do hope the Duke of Richmond will give us some music at Goodwood. The West Sussex Band is on the spot, so to speak, and they play very well indeed. Perhaps the best music of the year heard on a

racecourse is at Ascot, where the full Band discourses on the Lawn at the back of the Grand Stand, though, strange to relate, one of the Police Bands always plays at the back of the Royal Stands during the luncheon-hour. The Royal Marine Band generally plays at Gatwick, and a good band it is, too. The Scots Guards are generally on duty at Sandown, but they are stationed at the side of the Royal Box and cannot be heard in the cheap rings.

CAPTAIN COE.

#### THE DUKE OF DEVONSHIRE'S HOBBY.

Hitherto the public has not connected the Duke of Devonshire with the sport of fishing, but when at Lismore his Grace spends many hours on the banks of the famous Blackwater, which has been described by some fishing enthusiasts as the most delightful salmon-river in the world. As far as the world knows, the Duke of Devonshire has no other hobbies. He is the owner of the most magnificent private library in the kingdom, but he has never become specially distinguished as a bibliophile; he is fond of the Sport of Kings and has a house at Newmarket, but he has never really distinguished himself in connection with the Turf; the caricaturists generally portray him as asleep, but he has shown of late that no man in political life can be more remarkably awake. The Duke is immensely popular with the warm-hearted Irish peasantry who live in the neighbourhood of Lismore, where he and his Duchess have done much to improve the lot of their humble neighbours.



THE DUKE OF DEVONSHIRE FISHING AT LISMORE.

*Photograph by Poole, Waterford.*

## OUR LADIES' PAGES

ONE of the latest developments of the character-telling order is to analyse the mind and disposition by means of the ear. The operator holds a magnifying-glass to that organ and discourses learnedly of the inmost anatomy of the soul, all of which is mysteriously conveyed to him in the curves and contours of the ear. Credulity has its advantages and charlatans are immemorially agreeable fellows, but why diagnose us by our ears when the eye awaits interpretation? Speech may have been given us to conceal our thoughts, but the windows of the soul will let them peep through, and, if one were in the position of having to choose a friend or a husband or other unconsidered trifles of the sort, one would attach more importance to the evidence of *les yeux* than to that of the most promising ear ever grown or growing.

To see Emile Gallé's wonderful collection of "bigotry and virtue" in South Molton Street is to receive an object-lesson in fantastic yet charming, and, of course, quite original art. The old art of cameo cut-glass has been revived and improved upon by this famous artist. Lovely inlay, most of it somewhat Eastern in character, appeals to the furniture-lover, and what we have grown accustomed to recognise as "L'Art Nouveau" is exemplified at its best.

Talking of things artistic, I find that Debenham and Freebody have bought up Helbronner's entire stock as well as the business, which has been in existence for the past seventy or eighty years. It is all being transferred from Bond Street to Wigmore Street. In consequence of this upheaval, a great sale of embroideries, church fabrics, velvets, lace, silk, and furniture is taking place, which offers unique opportunities to collectors and connoisseurs of the work for which Helbronner's have long been celebrated. As the sale is being held at Debenham's as much to dispose of soiled and imperfect goods as to inaugurate the transference of business, the opportunity offered may be looked upon as unique and should be availed of accordingly.

Hamptons send me a booklet which is certainly a seasonable reminder of one's wants, inasmuch as it contains illustrations of the

most fetching possible white lace and net curtains; and as to a house-front fresh, dainty lace curtains are as necessary as a linen collar to a man, the inference is obvious that one looks as uncivilised as the other without these respective indispensables. If a man looks a villain without a collar, a window no less suffers in repute without its lace



[Copyright.]

PALE-BLUE CRÊPE-DE-CHINE.

veil. Hamptons' booklet contains illustrations of all manner and makes—Brussels, Swiss, Renaissance, Cluny, and what not—and is quite an epitome of the lace-curtain cult. All and sundry should send for it, and so learn how to add to the grace and glorification of their dwelling-places.

The "Plasmon" people have just issued a capital little book of quite inviting recipes which should find a place on our shelf of indispensables together with address-books, Peerages, time-tables, and so forth. It gives dozens of original devices for using "Plasmon," from soup to the sweet stage, together with a chapter on invalid-food, which is so especially the mission of this strength-restoring preparation.

Mrs. Pomeroy, the well-known pioneer of facial massage and treatment, has, like the restless Alexander of history, a longing for new worlds to conquer. Seeing that restorative ministrations are practised in London, Dublin, Cape Town, and other appreciative and prosperous centres, people have asked why Birmingham should not participate. To Birmingham, accordingly, this woman of enterprise has gone, and suitable premises have been opened at Central House, New Street, where Mrs. Pomeroy's usual hygienic complexion treatment and electrolysis will be performed just as in London and her various branches. The ladies of Birmingham need no more, therefore, languish with sunburnt or wind-ridden cuticles, but may "walk in beauty" like the night or day, with all possible Pomeroy appliances in their midst.

[Copyright.]

A HANDSOME RACE-COAT.



## ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

J. J. J. (Elstree).—There can be only one opinion about the present exaggerated style of veil, and that is an adverse one. Naturally, your friend looked nice in one if

she is as beautiful as you say. A good-looking woman may say, do, and wear most things, for to her much is forgiven that will not pass on plain-faced others. For perfectly kept teeth you must invoke "Odol." It is an ideal fluid for cleansing, and as a mouth-wash knows no rival.

**CECIL F. (Aldershot).**—Without being an arbiter of manners, it may be felt that there has been a want of courtesy in passing these people over so markedly. It is more *bourgeois* to give smiles than to receive them—and is not the essence of breeding a courteous bearing to all? Pray forgive plain-speaking, but you asked for an opinion, and here it is. Any of the good furriers will store your sables; you are not likely to want them in India. Jay's or the International Fur Store, Victory, Poland, and the Grafton Fur Company are all first-class furriers.

SYBIL.

## WHITSUN RAILWAY ARRANGEMENTS.

### PARIS AND NORMANDY.

**T**HE Brighton Railway Company announce that a special fourteen-day excursion through the charming scenery of Normandy and the Valley of the Seine, via the Newhaven-Dieppe Royal Mail Route, will be run from London by the express day service on Saturday morning, May 21, and by the fast night service on Thursday, Friday, and Saturday evenings, May 19 to 22, to Dieppe, Rouen, and Paris. Week-end cheap return-tickets to Dieppe will also be issued on Friday, Saturday, Sunday, and Monday, May 20 to 23, available for return on any day up to and including the following Wednesday.

### THE GREAT EASTERN RAILWAY COMPANY

announce that cheap tickets available for eight days will be issued to Brussels to-day (May 18) to the 21st inclusive, and May 23, via Harwich and Antwerp. Passengers leaving London in the evening reach Brussels next morning, after a comfortable night's rest on board the steamer. For visiting The Hague, Amsterdam, Utrecht, and other parts of Holland, the Rhine, North and South Germany, and Bale, for Switzerland, special facilities are offered via the Great Eastern Company's Royal British Mail Harwich-Hook of Holland route. Through carriages and restaurant-cars run in the North and South German express-trains to Cologne, Bale, and Berlin, reaching Cologne at noon, Bale and Berlin in the evening.

### THE SOUTH-EASTERN AND CHATHAM RAILWAY

will issue special excursion tickets to Paris, via Folkestone and Boulogne, by the service leaving Charing Cross at 2.20 p.m. on May 19, 20, 21, and 22, and by the 10 a.m. and 2.20 p.m. services on Saturday, May 21. They will also be issued by the Night Mail Service leaving Charing Cross at 9 p.m. and Cannon Street at 9.5 p.m., each evening, from May 19 to 22 inclusive, via Dover and Calais. Returning from Paris at 2.40 p.m. via Boulogne, or 8.40 p.m. via Calais, any day within fourteen days. Many other excursions to the various Continental pleasure resorts will be run, and the home arrangements include cheap return-tickets to the seaside and principal towns on the Company's line. Full particulars are given in the special Holiday Programme and bills.

### THE GREAT WESTERN RAILWAY COMPANY'S

excursion programme provides for pleasure-seekers of all classes. Rapid transit on this popular line will be given to all the Company's celebrated seaside and inland health and pleasure resorts. Ordinary, excursion, week-end, and riverside tickets will be issued at their City and West-End offices. Tickets can be obtained and dated in advance

to suit the convenience of the public. Tickets can also be obtained at Clapham Junction (L.B. and S.C. side), Battersea, Chelsea, Kensington (Addison Road), Hammersmith, Aldgate, and all stations to Edgware Road inclusive, Acton, Ealing, and other suburban stations. Pamphlets containing full particulars of excursions, riverside bookings, &c., will be forwarded by the Company's divisional officers, station-masters, or town office agents on receipt of a post-card.

### THE MIDLAND RAILWAY COMPANY'S

programme of Whitsuntide excursions embraces almost every important town and pleasure resort in the United Kingdom and Ireland. The trips commence to run on Thursday, May 19, to Belfast and the North of Ireland, the railways in that district being now owned by the Midland Company. The periods for which the tickets are available vary from one to sixteen days, affording an ample variety of choice for all classes of holiday-makers. To prevent inconvenience and crowding, the booking-offices at St. Pancras and Moorgate Street Stations will be open for the issue of tickets all day on Friday and Saturday, May 20 and 21, and tickets to all principal stations on the Midland Railway and beyond will also be issued at any of their City booking-offices.

### THE LONDON AND SOUTH-WESTERN COMPANY

announce that, in addition to the excursions to the fashionable holiday and health resorts of the South Coast, Somerset, Devon, and North Cornwall, they have arranged a series of land and sea trips for the Whitsun holidays, thus combining the delights of a railway journey through picturesque scenery with the bracing effect of a sea-trip in some of the most comfortable vessels afloat. The availability of the tickets cover a period of fourteen days, thus making allowance for a short or prolonged stay, whilst arrangements for break of journey and alternate route for return provide fresh attractions. Programmes, giving full particulars, are obtainable at the Company's offices and stations, or from Mr. Henry Holmes, Waterloo Station.

### THE LONDON AND NORTH-WESTERN COMPANY

announce that the ticket-offices at Euston, Broad Street, Kensington, Victoria (Pimlico), and Willesden Junction will be open throughout each day to Whit-Monday inclusive, so that passengers wishing to obtain tickets can do so at any time prior to the starting of the trains. Tickets, dated to suit the convenience of passengers, can also be obtained at any time (Sunday and Bank Holiday excepted) at the town receiving-offices of the Company. Additional express trains will be run, and special arrangements made in connection with the Company's passenger trains. For full particulars see the Company's announcements.

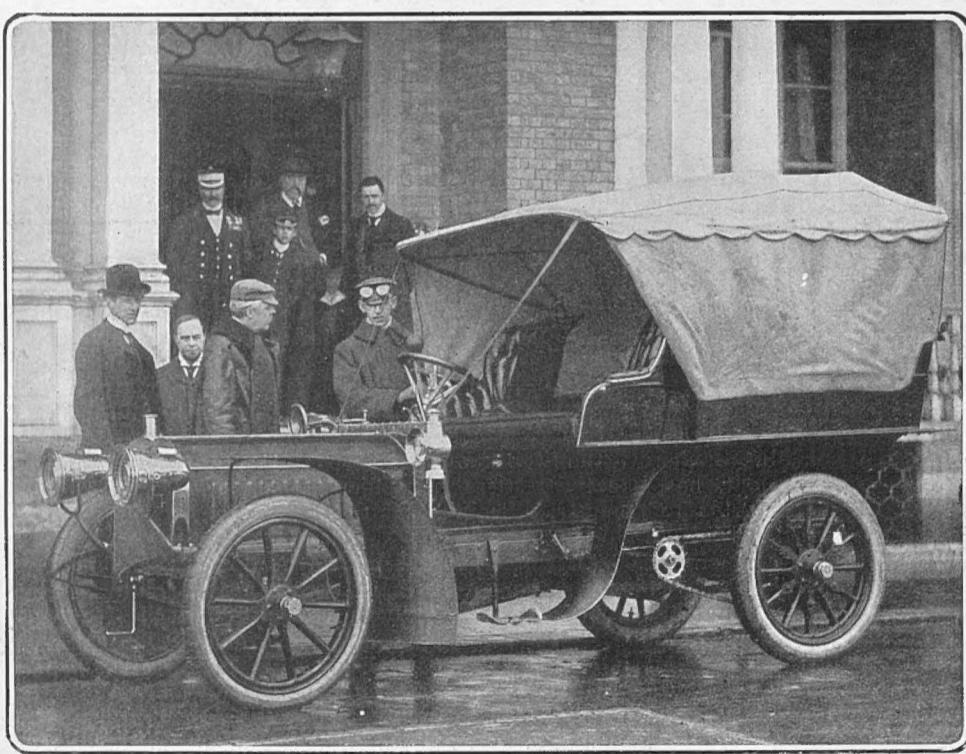
### THE GREAT NORTHERN RAILWAY COMPANY

will run cheap excursions from London (Woolwich Arsenal and Dockyard; Greenwich, S. E. and C.; Victoria, S. E. and C.; Ludgate Hill, Moorgate, Aldersgate, Farringdon, King's Cross, G. N., &c.), for eight or sixteen days, to Northallerton, Durham, Newcastle, Edinburgh, Glasgow, and other stations in Scotland; for three, six, or eight days, to Batley, Bradford, Doncaster, Halifax, Leeds, Liverpool, Manchester, &c.; for three, six, or eight days, to Cambridge, Norwich, Yarmouth, Manchester, Liverpool, Harrogate, and other principal stations in the Norfolk, Lincolnshire, Nottinghamshire, Staffordshire, Lancashire, Yorkshire, and North-Eastern districts. To prevent inconvenience from crowding at the Company's principal terminal station, tickets, dated in advance, will be issued at King's Cross and at the various suburban stations and ticket-offices.

### THE GREAT CENTRAL RAILWAY

are offering ample facilities to those desirous of spending the holiday at places on their picturesque route. Excursions are announced from London (Marylebone), Woolwich, Greenwich, and Metropolitan stations to all the principal towns and holiday resorts in the Midlands, North of England, North-East and North-West Coast watering-places, and Scotland. Special expresses leave Marylebone at 12.5 and 12.20 midnight Friday and Saturday, May 20 and 21, and there will be several additional fast trains on Saturday, one of which leaves Marylebone at 2.25 p.m. and runs to Sheffield without a stop. The information has been concisely tabulated in the form of an A.B.C. Programme, copies of which may be obtained, free, at Marylebone Station, or at any of the Company's town offices and agencies.

Ramsgate, once known principally as a place of summer resort, but now become quite a fashionable rendezvous for the week-end, was the other Saturday invaded by a crowd of members of both Houses of Parliament, who had come down to participate in the Parliamentary Golf Tournament on the celebrated Sandwich Links. Many of the competitors brought down their own motor-cars. Others went to and from the links in the private cars which the Management of the Granville Hotel, with commendable enterprise, ran between the links and their hotel.



MR. BALFOUR LEAVING THE GRANVILLE HOTEL, RAMSGATE, IN HIS EIGHTEEN HORSE-POWER NAPIER TO PLAY IN THE PARLIAMENTARY GOLF TOURNAMENT AT SANDWICH.

Photograph by Lombardi, Ramsgate.

## CITY NOTES.

*The Next Settlement begins on May 25.*

## THE OUTLOOK.

**T**HE event of the week has been the success of the Japanese Loan, which proves what we have over and over again written in these columns, that the public are willing enough to find money for those who are willing to pay a fair price. The attractions of Municipal 3 per cent. Loans are not sufficient to unlock the money-bags of the thrifty, but, whenever an offer is made of a really attractive character, the response shows that in the cases where failure has attended an issue the fault has been with the borrowers and not with the lenders.

The Russian issue in Paris does not appear to have turned out so satisfactorily as the rival loan. It is true the 400,000,000 francs offered by the French bankers to their clients has been taken, and it is said a little more as well, but the new scrip is already quoted at a discount; and, although it is a beautiful thing to lend money to your friends, even the French investor does not like making an immediate loss over such a transaction. The unsatisfactory outcome of the initial issue cannot fail to have a depressing effect on the second half of the loan, which has not been yet offered, and on the further heavy borrowings which Russia will require before the war so lightly entered upon is over.

When the great Whitaker Wright trial was over, people asked each other, "Who next?" The Public Prosecutor has not kept us long waiting for an answer. For years City financiers have looked upon that official as a quantity that might be safely neglected, and have acted accordingly, but it would not surprise us if, encouraged by a little success, the Treasury were to treat us to some other sensational developments. There is ample room for official interference in more directions than one, and we could name one or two fairly notorious gentlemen who are not looking to the future with exactly the same confidence as of yore.

## THE WELSBACH REVIVAL.

The change in the affairs of the Welsbach Company shows that the shareholders acted none too soon in putting their house in order. The miserable policy of attempting to sell mantles at monopoly prices and to defend patents which were not capable of defence, entailing the expenditure of vast sums in litigation, to say nothing of the maintenance of an army of spies and the general odium which the Company's methods produced, has been swept away never to return. Contracts are made on business lines, expenses, which in 1901 were £58,500, have been reduced to below £20,000, and the policy of keeping the trade by means of selling the best article at a price which makes pirated mantles almost unprofitable has had the effect which sensible people anticipated.

The death of Mr. Williamson, whose ability and energy had a great deal to do with the success of the reconstruction and the rejuvenation of the Company, is a sad loss, but the remaining three directors are sound men of business and will run the enterprise upon lines which, if not calculated to make a fortune rapidly, are certain to ensure a measure of prosperity for years to come. We wish them every success.

## INVESTMENT DEMAND.

That the promoters should be hurrying up their old new issues as fast as they can is only what might be expected in view of the keen appetite investors are displaying for stock reasonably cheap. The 4 per cent. Corporation Loans that would not have been looked at three months ago are now engaging the willing attention of capitalists, and the Japanese prospectus should prove a fine advertisement for the whole of the Stock Exchange, inasmuch as money that will be disappointed of a full allotment is pretty sure to inquire into other sources of investment. As regards the Japan issue, it is quite likely that heavy selling by the stags may put the price down when the allotments appear, and we should not be particularly astonished to see even a slight discount touched, although the knowing people may be counted upon to come in heavy buyers so soon as it grows evident that the stags have stopped realising. Investment stocks, whether they be gilt-edged or silver-lined, are the best speculations now, and the prudent man will put the bulk of his

capital into these rather than buy Mining shares that are only doubtfully cheap, after all. For what the Stock Exchange calls "a dash," Kaffirs are, of course, the gamble *par excellence*; but there is no gamble about buying sound securities at the present time, and, although a slackening of demand must make prices wobble every now and then, the end of the year will probably see such stocks and shares standing well over their current values of to-day.

## YANKEES IN THE BACKGROUND.

Three or four markets round the house have been completely passed over in the "spring-cleaning" that has had such a beautifying effect upon prices generally. One of them is the Joyless Jungle, another the weather-stricken Grand Trunk, and a third the erstwhile lively Yankee Market. Now the mere fact of their being left out in the cold is sufficient to cause the wary speculator to consider the prospects of their revivification. As regards the Jungle, our own opinion is that its shares are best left alone. Trunks do not look tempting enough to touch, either; but Yankees—it is hard to believe their turn is over for ever. Much bearish talk, much bearish journalism, would make us think that Americans can never kick again. We doubt that very much. Maybe the market is too stagnant to gamble in, but there are some of its best shares which have fallen to attractively low prices. Look at Penns., Illinois, and New York Central, for instance, or Atchison Prefs. All of them pay good interest on the money, and, as the investor works through the other markets of the House, in time he will stumble over Yankees, not, however, to kick them down still further, but with his purchases to reinvigorate the whole of the list. Therefore we say it is well to keep an eye on Americans. Speculation in them will not pay, because the market is too tame at the moment, but there are cheap things to be picked up, and somebody will recognise that fact by-and-by.

## ECHOES FROM THE HOUSE.

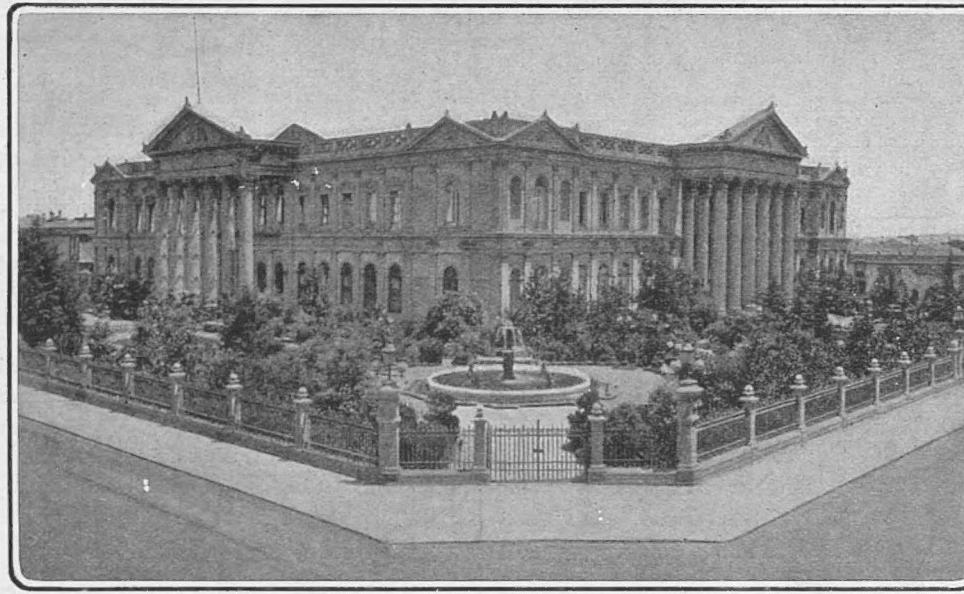
The Stock Exchange.

Things are looking up. I happen to know this, because I heard a jobber say the other day that he "mustn't complain." That's a lot from a jobber, and one of these days it is conceivable that a broker will tell me he has known times to be worse. Of course, one doesn't say much about business to a client: tell him you are not doing a great deal, and he wonders whether it would be better for him to take his business to some place where it looks as if there were a lot going on and he might pick up useful hints. Say you are busy, and the same client wonders whether you have the time to look after his orders with the full amount of care which he expects

them to receive. Clients, like women, are little cattle, and when you have a client who is also a woman, the concatenation of circumstances, as Sir Walter Scott would say, produces some quaint experiences. However, we love them all, and the more the merrier. Therefore, to your brokers, O Clients!

Jobbing isn't all stout and skittles, by any means, even in the Kaffir Circus. The worst plague of all is in London—not Hong-Kong or Johannesburg, or any other furrin' part. And the name of the plague, put concisely, is That There Isn't Enough Business To Go Round. In the earlier boom-days, when orders were really plentiful, it was easy to make money by perfectly fair and straightforward jobbing. A man had no need to speculate for himself. He could always, or nearly always, undo his bargain at a profit; men were content "to open their books," if necessary, and the orders came in freely from the public. But nowadays a large part of the dealing consists simply of "puffing," or else what the House colloquially calls "squirting." A man bids for shares that he doesn't want, or offers shares when he is a keen buyer, and, although this was certainly done occasionally in the '95 boom, it did not prevail to anything like the extent it does to-day, from the mere fact that the genuine business was too heavy to render such subterfuges worth while. The jobber in the Kaffir Circus of to-day finds himself compelled very often either to undo his bargain at the same price at which he has dealt with his broker, or else to "take a view," which means speculating with the shares. The reason for this lies to some small degree in the close prices which we have inaugurated, but, perhaps, I should be one of the last to even appear to disparage this valuable encouragement to the public operating in the Stock Exchange.

As to the future of the Kaffir Circus, it seems to me that we must be prepared for comparatively narrow fluctuations for some time to come. One day there will be favourable rumours, and on the next they will all be contradicted. The signing of the Convention having failed to induce any substantial amount of outside support, the next thing to wait for is the return of the industry to prosperity. In the meanwhile, before the gold begins to flow steadily to Europe in ever-increasing streams, we shall have temporary booms and slumps. The landing of the Celestials on the shores of South Africa should make an excellent bull-point, and ought to put up Rand Mines to the neighbourhood of 12. Then the price will promptly fall again upon circumstantial report that one of the new-comers has contracted measles, or mumps, or some other plague, and the rumour-mongers thereupon buy back the shares they sold at higher prices just before. This, I say, is the kind of market we must expect for a time, but, on balance, prices will most likely move quietly up. At last the long-contested desideratum is obtained; at last the mines are to have practically all the labour they require; at last South Africa is to have that opportunity of blossoming like a rose instead of a faded buttercup. Prices are to climb to the stars by grasping the Pigtail, and— The worst of it is that there's a nigger in every hedge, a fly too often in the clearest amber, a



HOUSE OF CONGRESS, SANTIAGO, CHILI.

"stranger" in too many cups of tea, and to give the freest rein to the bullish imagination is to court a slump. The holder, however, has time on his side, and time is bound to tell. Tell what, do you ask? To tell you that few people ever get in at the supreme top or out at the most degraded depth. So keep your Kaffirs, unless you care to gamble for differences in them, in which case you want a certain amount of moral courage to sell when prices look most convincingly good, and to buy when everyone says the market will inevitably go lower.

Of all the miserably disappointing markets in the Stock Exchange, commend me to the Grand Trunk. Most people thought that, when the worst of the weather went, there would be at least a few thumping "takes" to help prices. Yet up to the present there is no indication of the line being congested with the traffic which many stockholders had hoped was being piled up, waiting only for a break in the weather to get itself moved. Certainly the figures are going against big receipts of a year ago, but, making allowance for that, there ought to be more elasticity in the traffics than they are now showing. Everything points, of course, to the First and Second Preferences losing their dividends for the current half-year, and I doubt whether this possibility has even yet been fully discounted in the prices of those stocks. Ultimately, the Company will, no doubt, pull round, but it is most unfortunate that the country should have had such a visitation of weather just at the time when the Grand Trunk was being compelled to pile up fresh responsibilities and to raise more money. In the long run, Trunk Firsts and Seconds may be relied upon to retrieve their character and to reassume the positions they once held, but for some time to come the proprietors must be prepared to face a further shrinkage in the value of their stocks.

Like a fool, I did not buy myself any London and India Dock Deferred when I saw it tipped at 75 in the *Pall Mall Gazette*. When a lofty journal like the *Pall Mall* allows itself to give a tip, there ought to be something in the advice, and, behold, the price has risen ten points since then! They tell me in the House that the stock is intrinsically worth 110, but a shrewd holder whom I know says he will be perfectly content with 95. If the Bill goes through, as it seems sure to do, ought not it to have a strengthening effect upon Portland Cement issues? The Company would probably get a very useful contract, and the £10 fully-paid Preference shares at 6½, or the 4½ per cent. Debentures at 84, look a fair speculative purchase. I don't see how anyone could go far wrong in buying either, and there might be a nice little profit accrue in the coming by-and-by.

If the North-Eastern Railway should, as is expected, make a new issue of Preference stock, the investor may have another chance of making a cheap purchase. These railway descriptions usually hang about par or a small premium until the day for sending in the applications has passed, after which the prices go ahead. Judging from the premiums now ruling upon the recently offered Preference stocks of the Caledonian, the Metropolitan, and the Lancashire and Yorkshire Railways, there is plenty of room for another similar stock or two, and the North-Eastern issue will be anxiously awaited.

I wonder whether this "copy" runs to a column. Never can tell, because of the villainously small type with which they honour my lucubrations. Anyway, I think it is about time to stop, because, if I have not had enough, I am sure you have, for the present, of

THE HOUSE HAUNTER.

#### "SKINNER'S MINING MANUAL."

For the eighteenth time this indispensable book has made its appearance, larger and more up-to-date than ever. The old order of dividing the mining world into four sections is adhered to, and the alphabetical lists of Mining Directors, Secretaries, and Mining Engineers is, as usual, a useful supplement to the work. In all, the latest and fullest information is given concerning 3710 Companies,

spread over 1383 pages, and the market-price of each Company's shares as on April 5th last is given, whenever there was a price to give. At the end of each of the four sections tables are added, giving as far as possible the outputs of the various mines, with the tonnage of ore treated. In some cases the figures are most instructive, showing, as far as Western Australia and India are concerned, steady and continual progress during the last seven years. For instance, the Indian production, which in 1897 was 389,790 ounces, rose last year to 600,060 ounces, while the Westralian output for the same years was respectively 603,847 against 2,064,801 ounces, and Mr. Skinner's book very forcibly brings to our notice that the Rand output for March is about equal to four-fifths of the highest total ever shown. The book is a perfect compendium of useful information to the mining investor and speculator, and, as far as we have been able to discover, the accuracy of the statements is equal to their fulness. How Mr. Skinner manages to bring his facts and figures up to such a late date as he has done this year, is a secret which he has not disclosed to any of his rivals.

Saturday, May 14, 1904.

#### ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

*Only letters on financial subjects to be addressed to the "City Editor, The Sketch Office, 198, Strand."*

*Our Correspondence Rules are published on the first Wednesday in each Month.*

**ANXIOUS.**—As to your list we can only say: (1) We have over and over again written against this concern, and the fact that the Directors and their friends unloaded 76,000 shares last year is eloquent. Of course, the price to-day is low, and we should say hold for something like what your shares cost. (2) We have no belief in this affair. (3) Good for Rhodesia, which is, in our judgment, not much praise. (4) We have no faith. The whole lot will never repay holding. Sell and invest the proceeds in a good Rand gold-producer.

**D. R.**—We believe the Hamburg Lotteries are honestly conducted, but the chances against you are so great that the speculation is a bad one.

**OSTRICH.**—It is not the time to sell Transvaal concerns, and we advise you to hold all for an improvement. We believe No. 2 is sound, but No. 3 we do not like. It would not suit us for an investment.

**A. G.**—Your letter was answered on the 13th inst.

Next Saturday (May 21) *Land and Water Illustrated* reaches its two thousandth issue, and in honour of the occasion the number for that date will contain many special articles and illustrations. By permission of His Majesty, an interesting account of "Sandringham: The Royal Home of Sport," will be given; and other features will include "Sporting Pictures in the Royal Academy," illustrations by Cecil Aldin, "Golf Abroad," by Horace Wyndham, and Cricket contributions from the pens of the late Mr. W. J. Ford and Mr. P. F. Warner. A Photographic Art Supplement will also be presented.



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